

Break the housing jam

The noise you hear in Washington, beginning at noon on January 3, 1949 will not be the explosion of Soviet bombs over the Pentagon, but only a series of old-fashioned dog fights on Capitol Hill. On that day the 81st Congress will assemble and the fireworks will commence. There will be major fights over labor legislation, social security, public power, civil rights, tax and farm bills—and housing. The latter may turn out to be the biggest brawl of all. There are still a large number of families looking for houses they can afford to buy or rent; there are ugly, overcrowded slums not only in the big cities but throughout the country; there are angry ex-GI's muttering that the nation found billions for planes but now can't find a few millions for homes. In the opposite camp is the real-estate lobby, still defiant and fully mobilized to nullify the results of the November election. The lobby licked the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, which would have provided relatively modest Federal aid for low-cost public housing and slum clearance, in both the 79th and 80th Congress. It is ready to try again. Several weeks ago the National Association of Real Estate Boards held a pep meeting in Manhattan. On the eve of the big battle, the Association promised that it would "not be distracted from its high purposes and adherence to a policy above partisanship" in its attitude toward rent controls and housing. Stripped of rhetoric, this means that the Association will continue to oppose any expansion of public housing and all peace-time rent control on the ground that these measures "void the Constitutional guarantees of individual property ownership." The 81st Congress will be less impressed by such special pleading than were its predecessors. Too many of the new legislators, currently house-hunting in Washington, have had first-hand experience of the housing shortage to be turned aside by demagogic warnings of socialism. They know that private enterprise has not yet found a way to build low-cost housing, and that until it does the Government must do the job. Such governmental activity is not socialism. No matter how much noise the real-estate lobby makes, the new Congress should enact the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill as speedily as possible.

Tax cheats

One day last year the Under-Secretary of the U. S. Treasury marched up Capitol Hill seeking money. In the inevitable brief-case which is so much a part of the Washington scene, he brought along some startling figures calculated to impress even the economy-minded 80th Congress. He was prepared to show, for instance, that Uncle Sam was losing every year about \$5 billion through tax evasion, and that one-fifth of this could be charged to deliberate tax frauds. What the Treasury

wanted was more manpower for the Bureau of Internal Revenue—more "T-Men" to check tax returns and catch tax evaders. This would cost money, the Treasury spokesman conceded, but the investment would pay dividends. Department studies showed that for every dollar the Revenue Bureau spent on tax enforcement, it collected twenty dollars from tax cheats. But the Congress was not at all impressed. It voted no extra dollars for T-Men. We recall this tale of false economy now only because the 81st Congress will soon be given a chance to supply the omission of its predecessor. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has developed new, ambitious plans to collect every possible penny due to the Government. Instead of checking three per cent of the 50 million returns filed annually, as is now the practice, and these mostly in the upper brackets, it wants to scrutinize nearly twice as many. More important, it intends to examine a real cross-section of the returns, hoping in this way to discover the areas and occupations where tax evasion is most flagrant. To do the job the Treasury would like about 10,000 more T-Men. If you do not enjoy paying higher taxes because some of your fellow citizens evade their share of the burden, this is the time to write to your Congressman. After the first of the year, he will be in a position to do something about it.

Labor solid against Communists

From the convention proceedings of the two great labor organizations, the Kremlin's architects of revolution could derive no consolation whatsoever. In the strongest public action it has yet taken against the comrades, the CIO Executive Board, sitting in Portland, Oregon, revoked the charter of the rebellious Greater New York CIO Council and ordered its books and funds turned over to an anti-communist administrator. Finally calling a spade a spade, it declared the New York affiliate guilty of "slavish adherence" to "the line and dictates of the Communist Party." Some two thousand miles away, in Cincinnati, the AFL adopted an exceptionally militant resolution on foreign policy. Going considerably beyond approval of the Marshall Plan, it 1) called upon our Government and other democratic regimes to break off all trade relations with Russia until such time as that nation "is ready to lift her barbarous blockade of Berlin"; 2) urged support for the rearmament program; 3) advocated that we "provide arms and enter into a defensive military alliance against totalitarian aggression which may threaten friendly nations in Europe, Asia or elsewhere." If such actions as these are brought to the attention of trade unionists throughout the world, Moscow will have a hard job puffing any life into the hoary myth that communism is synonymous with the workers' welfare. Incidentally, one of the most interesting aspects of the CIO decision on the N. Y. Council was

the meekness with which it was accepted. Apparently the comrades have received new orders to roll with the punches for awhile and play the unity theme for all it is worth. This stale Muscovite strategy, with the Wallace fiasco still fresh in all minds, will fool nobody at all.

Civil rights at Monticello

Before the election we were listening to a radio orator eloquently telling us how not to think about civil rights. "Negroes and other backward groups have a wrong idea about this," he explained. "A lot of them think they should be given their rights before they are ready to make proper use of them. They ought first to be educated. Once they are properly trained, we can begin to think of them as equals." This seemed like a very simple philosophy, so simple that it would beguile most people into a feeling that nothing need be done. For various agencies listed in the educational directories—obviously not you and I—are taking care of the education of the Negroes; and since nobody knows when his job can be considered finished, we can all afford to postpone comfortably any worry about so annoying a matter as civil rights. Down South, we might assume, everybody must assent to this idea. Indeed, the said orator seemed to imply this was the case. But, on closer examination, the assumption seems a bit shaky. Every two or three weeks some individual, or some paper, or some organization in the South gives a jolt to the good old make-yourself-fit-and-then-we'll-recognize-you theorem, and talks about human rights and civil rights as if they were something that all men and all Americans should have a share in, regardless of whether they are "prepared" or not. Latest to be noticed is a declaration on this topic formally adopted at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, by a group of more than forty men and women representing almost every Southern State. It was adopted after a discussion at the University of Virginia, in Charlottesville. The rights dealt with in this declaration were taken to include such matters as

equality before the law, freedom from any discrimination bolstered by law; freedom of expression; an unrestricted access to all institutions supported by taxes for the public welfare, schools and hospitals not excepted; equal pay for equal work, and equal opportunity to receive training and to gain employment; and the right of unsegregated transportation, housing and assembly.

This listing seemed to indicate that education, instead of being a necessary condition for obtaining ordinary civil rights, should itself be included among them.

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Schooling and civil rights

When we say that a man should not be kept waiting until he has been to school before he can be considered an ordinary American citizen, we do not mean that he will not be far better fitted to exercise a citizen's rights—for his own good and the good of the community that he lives in—if he has been properly educated. If the mass of men are accorded their rightful opportunities, the mass of men need to know how to use them. Mass education for the Negro is a matter which has never been sufficiently thought out in this country. The educational genius and Moses of his people, the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, inaugurated a vast movement of mass education for the Negro in the rural areas. But a world of technical jobs is now opening up. Since top-grade technical schools for Negroes are still lacking in the South, mass instruction in technology was proposed recently at West Virginia State College. Army and Navy instruction methods offer a splendid opportunity for rapid advancement in the skilled trades. A recent study by Dr. W. Montague Cobb, of Howard University, shows that progress has been made throughout the country in breaking down discrimination in professional medical education and accommodations. But, found Dr. Cobb—and here is where we again need to put the civil-rights issue in its correct focus—there is no real solution to the problem of the Negro's medical education, as long as he is obliged to put up with separate "and *not equal*" public and private schools. (For the "separate but equal" notion becomes every day more of a myth.) At Greensboro, N. C., Negro educators reported that gross and frequent housing discrimination is also an obstacle to Negro educational progress. Negro school teachers, like anyone else, will move to places where they can get less expensive and more reputable living quarters. Now that Levi Jackson has been elected captain of the Yale varsity football team, a good many people will be cheering this first Negro sports captain in Yale history who never cheered a Negro before. In doing so, let them remember the countless other young people in this country—other Levi Jacksons—who are trying to carry the ball forward against greater odds than any Yale eleven ever had to face.

Mrs. Roosevelt and our freedoms

The universal right to rest, leisure, reasonably limited working hours and paid holidays was adopted on Nov. 20 as a part of the draft of the International Declaration of Human Rights that is now under discussion by the Social Committee of the UN General Assembly. As she has done on so many previous occasions, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt raised an objection against a Soviet amendment. The proposed amendment, which was defeated, would have added a provision that these rights were to be guaranteed "either by law or by contractual agreements." Against this addition Mrs. Roosevelt made the point that these "legalistic" specifications were fitting in the *Convention on Human Rights*, which would be legally binding upon all the governments that adopted it. But the *Declaration* itself is simply a concise statement of principles directed to all mankind. The Soviet delegate,

Alexei P. Pavlov, replied in the usual confusing fashion by making counter-charges and accusations. If anyone has followed the course of these debates, first at Geneva and then at Paris, he will doubtless wonder why the Soviet representatives keep on demanding for the Declaration a type of legal specification which has repeatedly been shown to belong not to the Declaration but to the Convention. The answer would seem to be found in the principle around which the debates themselves have clustered. The Soviets call the Declaration mere "empty promises" because from the very nature of their communist-revolutionary philosophy there can be no validity in any general principles of human rights. Man's rights and claims to freedom do not derive their validity from his innate spiritual dignity, in Marxist thought, but only from the urge of the revolutionary mass to which he belongs, enforced through the workers' State. It is Mrs. Roosevelt's merit that, as the United States representative, she has shown herself so consistently aware of this basic difference in philosophy. Her reputation would be excellent if the same straight thinking characterized some of her replies to queries in the popular magazines. It is too bad that so enlightened a defender of our human liberties, including that of religious freedom, should (in the *Ladies Home Journal* for Nov. 26) so decidedly confuse the issue by saying that religion should not be taught "in the public schools" because (?) "we decided long ago to separate church and state." Congress decided long ago that we should have schools to promote "morality and religion."

What is Mr. Nussbaum up to?

David Nussbaum of the New York *Post* returned with the first shipload of DP's (thus executing the neatest trick of the week—displacing a displaced person) to report that most of the non-Jewish DP's are 1) no good, and 2) not DP's. In the *Post* for November 19 Mr. Nussbaum, who had made a guided tour of DP camps, quotes an "IRO area eligibility officer" as saying that in terms of principles and character all but a small minority of non-Jewish DP's are "undesirable." He explains, somewhat illogically, that "the reason the Jewish DP's are excluded from this character analysis is because the Jews of Europe are known to be genuine displaced persons, victims of concentration camps, slave labor, ghettos and pogroms." Mr. Nussbaum has another barrel ready for any non-Jews who might be considered desirable characters. Even if they were, he contends, they would not be eligible for entry into the U.S. "The great majority of the non-Jewish occupants of DP camps in no sense can claim displaced-person status." It seems that, with the Germans, they fled westward before the Russian advance in 1944. That would make them, in our book, not only displaced but perspicacious persons. It must have cost somebody, presumably the *Post*, a pretty penny to send Mr. Nussbaum on his fact-finding tour; so it is not surprising that he tries to give his sponsors their money's worth. Here is a bargain remnant passed on to him by another "refugee expert": "Probably 80 per cent of the existing crop of non-Jewish refugees in DP camps gave

aid and comfort in some form to the Germans during the war." "The DP camps today," Mr. Nussbaum continues, "are shot through with collaborators, with those who actively cooperated in the nazi design, with former members of the SS and the Wehrmacht, and with men who played a role in the extermination of thousands of Jews."

Where is the proof?

That is a sweeping and serious charge for Mr. Nussbaum to make, and we who have trusted the exhaustive screening by U.S. authorities in Europe have a right to ask for solid substantiation. Mr. Nussbaum's only offer of proof is based on three personal interviews. One was with a Hungarian bank official "who had brought out his nation's gold under contract with the nazi government" (a point, but a minor one). Another Hungarian had "skipped off to Germany after his country's liberation because he did not approve of the coalition government that followed." (That almost gives the show away. Ferenc Nagy, now safely in Virginia, has just written a book which tells how Communists controlled that coalition.) The third interview was with eight young men from the Polish Ukraine, "who wore the pin of the Ukrainian nationalist movement, which had been notorious for its collaborationist activities." Now, Mr. Nussbaum, have you never heard that members of the same Ukrainian underground killed, among thousands of other Nazis, SS General Victor Lutze in 1943? And did your Jewish refugee friends tell you nothing about the famous pastoral letter in which the Ukrainian Catholic Metropolitan, Andrew Sheptytsky, in 1942, protested to the Nazis against the deportation of the Jews? What are you up to, Mr. Nussbaum?

Gambits (even) are sovietized

In the Soviet zone of Germany, it has been decreed that all members of all sports organizations, even of chess clubs, must be registered with the Free German Youth. All sports enthusiasts will now not only play when and how the Commies tell them, but they will have to spend some of their time in getting cultural and political training. And that about rounds out the picture of how detailed communist regimentation is. The arts—music, painting, sculpture—must express the ideology of the "masses"; the stage and screen are made to speak the gospel of Stalin-Lenin; novelists and other writers are shackled to the Red ideological line; and now even play must be "proletarianized." With religion swept away back at the start of this process, there is little of a man's own personal activities left free of the straitjacket of complete and utter control. Bubbleheads with rosy spectacles like the Red Dean of Canterbury think that communism is just the "new look" in economics, which can be oh so easily brought into line with Christian ideals. When will they wake up to the fact that communism is a *way of life*? It demands the subjection of the whole man—his spirit, his culture, his politics, even his play. Against that is the Christian way of life, which also demands the whole man. But it does not demand subjection; it asks

for free and liberating allegiance. And between these two ways of life there can never be any compromise, any quarter. It's a fight to the death.

And Hungary is in it

Communist campaigns to dominate the whole man are not painless processes. Since they are processes of subjection, they frequently bring a man face to face with the decision as to whether he shall throw over values and standards that have been sacred to him. Catholics in Hungary are facing just that decision, and their heroic Cardinal, Josef Mindszenty, is striving to ease their dilemma. Answering the communist government's threat that "the liquidation of clerical reaction is now the order of the day," the Cardinal said in a brief pastoral letter:

Immense mental pain afflicts Hungarian Catholics who are on a crossroad and have to choose between their daily bread and Christian conscience. I do not want them to lose their bread. Every Catholic who signs a protest against me can do it and be aware that he did not act out of free determination.

The moral blackmail in Hungary has gone so far in efforts to subjugate the whole man to communism that the Cardinal, to save for Catholics their sense of inner integrity, is now prepared to stand publicly alone, though he knows that his flock is with him in their hearts. And alone he will truly be, for his closest associate and private secretary, Rev. Ondras Zakar, has been arrested on a charge of "treason." The fight comes to a climax in Hungary, and though Catholics there may be forced to yield exteriorly, the towering figure of their Cardinal stands as a brave reminder to them and to all the world that the most important part of the whole man, his conscience and soul, can yield to communism only by denying Christ.

Gaullist blunder

In pre-war France Charles de Gaulle was something of a prophet. While other military men were still thinking in terms of static defense, typified by the Maginot Line, he was strenuously advocating mechanization and movement. Only after the German break-through in 1940 were his ideas accorded the respect they merited. De Gaulle's new prestige was enormously enhanced by his seemingly foolhardy decision to carry on the fight for France despite the surrender of the Government. As head of the Free French movement he became a national hero. But he proved to be a very difficult hero, hyper-sensitive, hot-headed, narrowly nationalistic, and stubborn. That the General has not mellowed much since the war was made disturbingly clear from his latest press conference on November 17. At a time when the whole fate of Europe hangs on the willingness of men to sink historic hates and national pride in a common effort to save Europe, de Gaulle chose to beat the drums of French chauvinism. If France were today a strong, united nation, one might understand how a patriotic son could demand for her the leadership of a European union. But France is a defeated and tragically disorganized country. From a military standpoint, she has become a second- or even third-rate power. Of all the Western nations, only

Italy has more potential traitors than she has—men sworn to serve the interests of the only nation which menaces her. Yet the General had the gall to say: "We have lived for centuries without the Marshall Plan"; and to attack the infant European Defense Organization because it was "inadmissible that the defense of France should be left to anyone but a Frenchman." How short the General's memory! But if he cannot longer recall now how France was liberated, he ought at least to recognize the realities of the present hour. If the United States were to withdraw from Europe, if Britain and the other Western Powers were to leave France to her own devices, how long would France remain free? If General de Gaulle were only as politically wise as he was militarily farsighted, he would stop talking a brand of nationalism that is as outmoded today as was the Maginot Line in 1940.

Check, mate

The game of chess, said the *Thoughtful Observer*, disingenuously trying to put a bishop through a knight's paces, makes me wonder about this automobile racket. Yes, yes, he said testily, I can tell a bishop from a knight; though it was not always so easy. Some of those oldtime bishops were as handy with a battle-axe as a crozier, and maybe a bit handier. Modern canonists, however, are somewhat less than hospitable to the bishop militant, and we may fairly regard him as a vanishing species. But just think what happens, said the T.O., if I want to buy a new car. Assuming that I had a driver's license—I still think that traffic officer was lacking in objectivity—I should have to buy a pot-pourri of accessories that would probably include the kitchen sink. And at that, he murmured moodily, it would hardly be a good kitchen sink, if the dealer is to have his three-to-five-hundred-dollar rake-off above factory price. What the possessor of a new car sells it for when the mileage grows from 00000 to 00035 and it becomes a "used" car, I shudder to think. Some facts-and-figures expert reckons that the buying public has been bilked to the tune of \$450 million in the first seven months of this year. That, said the T.O., is an operation of Marshall-Plan stature. The interesting thing is that people are getting mad about it, and are even talking of getting the Government to do something about it. They must not have heard of our unexcelled free-enterprise system and the inexorable law of supply and demand. I wonder, mused the T.O., if this means that while the medieval prince-bishop is gone, the medieval morality of the just price survives—the idea that to take advantage of your neighbor's need by hiking your prices is, in plain terms, stealing? Check, said the T.O.

Too many people?

Gordon R. Clapp should know a thing or two about human "partnership with nature." The chairman of TVA sounded off last week against the "prophets of despair" who predict calamitous food shortages and the doom of the race. If we all work together, and work intelligently, he thinks we can make the grade—without resorting to "rule by experts." We certainly hope so.

Washington Front

The report of the Hoover Commission studying reorganization of the Federal Government will not be made public until January, but enough is becoming known of its scope to guarantee an explosive debate when it is presented. The Commission, established under a resolution proposed by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts and Rep. Clarence Brown of Ohio, both Republicans, and adopted by the Republican 80th Congress, has been burrowing in the gigantic government structure for a year. Whenever anyone suggests modernizing the Federal machinery, a mighty chorus of protest arises from agencies involved; and it is likely to be so again this time.

Word of possible Commission recommendations is speculative rather than factual so far, but here are some considerations which, Washington hears—from "sources close to the Commission," of course—are being weighed.

One recommendation is said to urge that government be reorganized so that not more than 20 agency heads, rather than 65 as at present, report directly to the President. Reduction of the Federal payroll by 200,000 jobs and a saving of perhaps 10 per cent on the total payroll may be possible. Divided responsibility for such projects as river-valley development is regarded as inefficient. State Department organization is reported due for cri-

ticism. So is the slow progress of unification of the armed forces. There has been criticism of the present civil-service system for freezing inefficient people into jobs and there may be recommendations to counter this practice. There is talk of cutting down the authority of the General Accounting Office and allowing greater auditing authority within each agency.

Almost any of these subjects is a major study in itself; thus the list suggests the breadth of the Hoover Commission's undertaking. Yet will anything come of it? After all, this was primarily a Republican project, and today there is a solidly entrenched Democratic Administration in Washington. Both Houses of Congress, which would have to pass on any important reshuffling of bureaus, are controlled by the Democrats. There will be political considerations involved in future credit-claiming for whatever is done.

But President Truman has shown some interest in the Commission's findings. In a time of huge military expenditures he is faced with a very real budget problem and may be interested in savings where they are shown to be possible. And it may not have escaped the Democrats that although Governor Dewey, as Republican Presidential candidate, ran a campaign that on the record must be adjudged a flop, he always got his biggest response when he talked of the need to overhaul Washington's vast maze of bureaus. It is widely acknowledged here that there should be changes. Yet resistance to change is tremendous, as even Franklin Roosevelt found in his own attempts at reorganization. **CHARLES LUCEY**

Underscorings

The Marquette University (Milwaukee) *Tribune* for October 14 listed 55 students who have gone from the University to seminaries or novitiates since Jan. 1 of this year. Thirteen of the students went to seminaries to prepare for the diocesan priesthood; 20 entered the Society of Jesus; 16 went to 10 other orders of men; 6 were girls who entered 5 orders of women.

► Dr. Ferdinand Roussève, Negro recipient of the 1948 James J. Hoey Award ("Underscorings," 11/13) has been appointed to the faculty of Boston College. Dr. Roussève holds a B.S. in Architecture from M.I.T., an M.A. from the University of Chicago, Ph.D. from Harvard. He is at present engaged in restoring the Romanesque abbey church of St. Martial at Limoges, France.

► UNDA—International Catholic Association for Radio and Television Broadcasting—flung its network wide on Nov. 1 over Germany, Portugal, Spain, North Africa and South America with a new series of Catholic lectures carried by 80 private and government stations. UNDA began in Cologne in 1928 as the International Catholic Radio Bureau, devoted to promoting national associations to bring Christian principles to bear on radio. Before the war there were groups in ten European countries, con-

stantly exchanging information on all aspects of radio technology. The new name and the new program stem from the postwar reconstruction of the organization by Father R. P. J. Dito, O.P. Headquarters of UNDA are in Fribourg, Switzerland.

► Federal aid for schools, as urged by the AFL convention at Cincinnati, Nov. 20, should include "services for all children 5 to 17 years of age, to be administered by such public agency as would be permitted under State law to administer such a program for all children," as well as "Federal aid for scholarships to enable needy children and youth to remain in school; the payments to be directly to the needy child and youth by a properly designated public agency." Federal-aid legislation, said the AFL, "has failed of enactment because certain organized groups are unwilling to permit all children to share in the benefits of such a program." We may note once more, for the record, that to the extent that disbursing of Federal aid must wait on the permission of State laws, non-public-school children in nearly all States may whistle for its benefits, save in incidentals.

► The November *Harpers* carries an article, "Priests, Workers and Communists," recording the successful five-year struggle of a group of rank-and-filers, aided by the "know-how" gained in Xavier Labor School, to break the communist grip on New York's Transport Workers Union. Recommended 1) to those who think the Communists can't be beaten; 2) to those who think it's easy.

C. K.

Editorials

The Christian in action

The November statement of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, speaking through the fourteen members of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, is aptly entitled, "The Christian in Action." For it is more than an authoritative judgment on current moral issues. It is a call to constructive efforts.

"Human life centers in God." With this truth the bishops renew their exposure of secularism as "the most deadly menace to our Christian and American way of living." Human life cannot be lived in an orderly, meaningful way when human convenience and human selfishness are substituted for divine purposes in the home, the school, the work-place, and society as a whole. "The crisis is at hand."

The issue of the Christian versus the secularist evaluation of life faces every one of us with a fresh responsibility each day. Every day the follower of Christ must ask himself: "What am I doing to build a Christian world?"

In his home, today's Christian must make an extra effort to practise the domestic virtues and to introduce family prayer as a daily exercise. He must teach his children to serve God and to fulfill their duties to their neighbors. "The home is the child's first school."

But even a family circle bathed in the sunbeams of God's truth is not enough. Today's Christian must bend every effort to help our Catholic schools "to work out fully the Christian educational ideal." Catholic institutions of higher learning in particular demand "a wider and a more active interest" because they are the "natural training ground for Christian leadership." Since social reconstruction requires well-trained scholars, Catholic graduate schools should get more credit for the work they are doing and should receive more support.

Turning their eyes to the arena of industrial conflict, the bishops insist on "positive, constructive thought and action" to remedy the faults in our economic system. What we need most is cooperation in place of conflict between capital and labor—but "cooperation organized for the common good." In place of repression, we need freedom—but a freedom that is "ordered for the common good."

"Catholic social philosophy has a constructive program for the organic development of economic life." In line with this positive program the bishops advocate

. . . freely organized cooperation between the accredited representatives of capital and labor in each industry and in the economy as a whole, under the supervision but not the control of government.

"Permanent agencies of cooperation for the common good" are called for, of the type outlined by Pope Pius XI when he proposed the establishment of "vocational

groups," or, as they are now being termed by students of the encyclicals, "industrial councils."

Finally, referring to the Everson and McCollum decisions, the bishops warn us:

Within the past two years secularism has scored unprecedented victories in its opposition to governmental encouragement of religious and moral training.

When the Supreme Court ruled that no American public school system could directly cooperate with private religious groups, the justices adopted "an entirely novel and ominously extensive interpretation of the 'establishment of religion' clause of the First Amendment." That interpretation is belied by the evidence of American history. The framers of our Constitution publicly expressed their firm conviction that "religion and morality are the strong supports of national well-being." They explicitly encouraged the establishment of schools to teach religion and morality as being "necessary to good government." The Supreme Court arrived at its arbitrary meaning of the First Amendment only by ignoring the clearly stated intention of the Congress which proposed it—that intention being to forbid the Federal Government to favor one religion over another, but certainly not to forbid assistance to religion when that assistance is impartially offered to all.

Even the principle of "separation of Church and State," read into the Constitution from a letter of Jefferson's, can be liberally construed, as it is in Holland and elsewhere.

The bishops announce that they will "peacefully, patiently, and perseveringly work" for the revision of these recent Supreme Court rulings. They urge religious-minded lawyers to strive for

. . . a reaffirmation of our original American tradition of free cooperation between government and religious bodies—a cooperation involving no special privilege to any group and no restriction on the religious liberty of any citizens.

Lest, through misunderstanding, anyone should take alarm at this declared purpose, the bishops add:

We solemnly disclaim any intent or desire to alter this prudent and fair American policy of government in dealing with the delicate problems that have their source in the divided religious allegiance of our citizens.

Secularists, however, will take alarm. The welkin will ring with dire forebodings of ecclesiastical tyranny. But let us remember this: secularism is the half-way house to communism. We cannot lose the war against communism unless we first lose the battle against this present "most deadly menace to our Christian and American way of living."

After this second annual warning from the shepherds of the Church in America, can any Catholic fail to be alerted to this danger?

More and more Catholic students

What future lies ahead for Catholic schools? Educational administrators, parish priests, teaching orders and lay Catholics are asking this question.

Last September the "Superintendents' News-Letter" of the NCWC Department of Education recorded the enrollments of Catholic schools from 1935-36 to the present, and projected estimates as far ahead as 1959-60. The figures were arrived at in conjunction with the U.S. Office of Education and the U.S. Bureau of the Census.

Let us take the elementary schools first. In 1935-36 the United States had just over 21 million children 5-13 years of age. Of these, a bit less than 10 per cent were enrolled in our parochial schools. In 1946-47, with only a half-million more children of that age group in the nation, our parochial schools enrolled about 132,000 more of them, or nearly 11 per cent of the total.

Now for the guesswork. If we keep enrolling children at the same rate, our parish-school figures will rise about 60,000 a year until 1951-52. Then they will jump year by year in this wise (note birth-drop 1945-46):

Year	Estimated Increase
1951-52	156,000
1952-53	128,000
1953-54	-11,000
1954-55	164,000

By 1955-56 the peak will be reached at about 3 million boys and girls in Catholic grade schools, about one-third more than they now accommodate.

Briefly, we haven't begun to see the crowding we shall see in the near future. Within the next eight years about 650,000 more youngsters will want desks.

Catholic high schools will probably experience the same pressure, but with a couple of years' lag at the start. There are now about 450,000 Catholic youth in our secondary schools. Beginning in 1950-51 this figure is expected to begin a slow rise at the following yearly rates:

Year	Estimated Increase
1950-51	6,000
1951-52	12,000
1952-53	9,000
1953-54	7,000
1954-55	15,000

Then the real bulge will start:

1955-56	21,000
1956-57	39,000
1957-58	28,000
1958-59	18,000

At this rate the total number of students enrolled in Catholic high schools would just about attain its peak at the end of the next decade, with the same proportionate increase as in the elementary schools: one-third over the present enrollment.

College and university enrollments are not estimated. But as the GI's leave school their places will probably be taken by high-school graduates, possibly after a short lag.

Individual schools, of course, may experience either

accelerated or decreased registrations, depending mostly on population shifts and local economic prosperity.

In general, however, we shall certainly need more teachers and expanded facilities, which will cost money. These prospects only highlight the injustice of expecting Catholics to bear the full cost of educating over one-tenth of the nation's grade-school children. But we will not sell the treasure of our faith to save the dollars it will cost to teach them God's truth.

Workers and farmers

From the broad wheat and corn fields of Kansas and Iowa to the rich dairy lands of New York, the nation's farmers are worried.

Four years ago, during congressional hearings on price-control legislation, their spokesmen discovered virtues in the law of supply and demand which had escaped notice during most of the time between the two world wars. Two years later, with strong support from business, they succeeded in scuttling OPA. The result was a foregone conclusion. Agricultural prices skyrocketed; as a group, farmers made piles of money; the urban class suffered and paid.

Now the spree is just about over. Bountiful yields of wheat and corn plus declining foreign markets indicate lower prices for agricultural products. On the other hand, the trend of industrial prices continues upward, nor is there any immediate prospect that this trend will be reversed. After eight happy and prosperous years, the law of supply and demand is turning against agriculture.

At the National Grange convention last month in Portland, Me., the delegates spent a good deal of time discussing the impending change in their fortunes. In his keynote address, National Master Albert S. Goss pleaded with organized labor to forego demands for a fourth-round wage increase. Falling agricultural prices, he argued, meant lower living costs in the near future. If organized labor would only be patient for a while, the price situation would soon adjust itself satisfactorily. If the workers persisted in their wage demands, the evils of inflation were sure to be compounded. "The farmer's best friend," Mr. Goss told the convention, "is the well-paid workingman who turns out a full measure of non-farm products and buys a big volume of agricultural products." And he urged farmers to work for national policies favorable to high industrial employment at good wages.

So far, Mr. Goss' conciliatory words appear to have fallen on stony ground. Even if labor leaders could forget how business and farm lobbies cooperated in the 79th and 80th Congresses to feather their own nests at the expense of urban workers, civil-service employees and all those living on fixed incomes, they cannot ask their followers to forego immediate relief from high living costs for some future and, to them, uncertain advantage.

During the three years since V-J Day, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, weekly factory wages rose an average of thirty per cent. (Hourly wage rates went up more, about forty-three per cent, but the work week is shorter now, there is less overtime and premium pay, and

many workers have had to transfer to jobs in the lower-paying consumer-goods industries. Hence the smaller gain in weekly earnings.) During this same time, the BLS consumer price index for moderate-income families jumped thirty-five per cent, and the rise in food costs, the largest element in the working family's budget, was much greater. Until the gap between wages and living costs has been closed, labor leaders, whose tenure in office depends on the democratic process, have no choice except to demand more money. Even industry understands this, as Henry Ford II recently testified. On November 17 he said that a fourth-round wage increase was "probably inevitable."

We may safely assume, then, that organized labor is going ahead with its wage demands no matter how much the farmers may object. But labor would do wrong to permit past differences with agriculture to impede future understanding. Just as the well-paid worker is "the farmer's best friend," so is the farmer with folding money in his jeans a friend of the industrial worker. A steady agricultural market means the difference between industrial prosperity and depression. At some level there is a proper relationship between agricultural and industrial prices. It is the business of leaders of labor and agriculture to find that level and maintain it. Any attempt to profit at one another's expense, as recent history shows, is certain in the long run to hurt both. Let them strive, then, not to exploit the law of supply and demand, but, within reasonable limits, to control it.

The Powers debate the Ruhr

Questions of the Ruhr region—Germany's (and Europe's) main industrial area—are much in the news today. Representatives of six interested nations are meeting in London to see what can be done to carry out the plan adopted last spring for its administration. Germans and French alike are acutely concerned, though from opposing points of view. The matter has immediate relevance for us, since upon its right settlement depends very much the workability of the European Recovery Program.

Those who take part in the debate are troubled by the question: which is the greater danger to the world's peace, a strong Germany or a weak one?

The French are not fooling when they shudder at the idea of an industrially rehabilitated Germany. They recall what happened after World War I, when the Ruhr's potentials were left practically untouched. They foresee that the same old bellicose spirit, now smoldering under the ruins left by World War II, may be fanned to flame once the mines are in full operation and the factory wheels hum as of old. Even if the restored industries in Dortmund, Duisburg, Essen, Krefeld, Bochum and Wuppertal would not at once start creating armaments, Germany would dominate the Continent through the sheer power of its industrial hegemony. With the Ruhr basin as the heart of western Europe's industrial economy, and with Germany running the Ruhr, the World War III machine is prepared, even though not a plane or tank has been manufactured.

For this reason the French are disturbed over the U.S.-British proposal to appoint German trustees for the Ruhr industries, pending a decision on their ultimate ownership to be made once the peace treaties are concluded. The French want a strong international control authority to function under the present agreement. General de Gaulle, in his press conference on November 17, called the Allies' proposal to leave the final disposition of the Ruhr industries to the Germans "the gravest decision that has yet been made in the twentieth century."

But if Germany is left weak, we are facing another and equally great danger. As a matter of plain realism, we must admit that Europe cannot recover without the cooperation of Western Germany. And if Germany is to cooperate with the West to any significant degree, she must do so as a partner, with a certain degree of responsibility and initiative, and not as a mere passive instrument of an occupying force. Nor would the case be much better if the Ruhr were merely put under the United Nations, as some of the more German-fearing liberals would have us do (*N. Y. Times*, 11/21/48).

French misgivings as to the Ruhr were expressed by France's Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman, in his address at Metz on November 21. "We can never accept," said M. Schuman, "a situation in which that arsenal becomes the property of a centralized German government. Even the Reich of Hitler never owned it." But M. Schuman left the way open to an agreement by adding:

We do not want to prevent Germany from living and working for its own reconstruction and the reconstruction of Europe, but we must take indispensable precautions.

The problem that reason and good sense (to use M. Schuman's words) have to face in the Ruhr situation is to determine just what are to be the powers allotted to the international authority which the six nations are now endeavoring to set up. They can act on the assumption that the Germans are born hopelessly wrongheaded. Or they can follow an hypothesis—a not unreasonable hypothesis—that if the Germans, under a democratic government, are convinced they do have a real share in the prosperity of the Western world, then they may do their part honestly and cooperatively.

Obviously, carefully worked-out controls and restrictions need to be exercised during the time of occupation. Obviously, too, any future international union in which Germany may be expected to take part will need to limit Germany's industrial sovereignty, as it will need to limit the sovereignty of all the other participants. The question whether Germany can become such a constructive participant will depend, evidently, upon the appreciation the German people themselves show of their true interests. As Theodore Haeger wrote in 1940, the highest patriotism a German can exercise is that of the rediscovery of the best within his own soul.

If a prudent handling of the Ruhr question can aid the German people to see that their own best interests are centered in the common good of all the nations which can benefit from the Ruhr's products, one of the greatest peace problems of all time will have been settled.

Prayer for stray shepherds

E. Boyd Barrett

The author of this touching article has written spontaneously from the depths of his own experience of the spiritual tragedy with which it deals. It is published just as it was received, and for the purpose which the author so beautifully unfolds in terms of the help he received.

Catholics, watching the faith and fervor with which a young priest offers the Mass, instinctively pray for him, that he may persevere to the end as their priest and shepherd. They know that the road before him is difficult and beset with danger. Their prayer is touched with pity and tenderness, for their priest belongs to them and they have a duty towards him. They pray because they know he needs the help of prayer to fulfill his high vocation, and because they know that, even as Peter and Thomas stumbled, he may fail.

And what if, after some years of faithful service, he should fail? Will the prayers for him cease then? Will the pity and tenderness turn into ill will or hate? Should there be no feeling of charity for a stray shepherd? Is there no duty to fulfill towards him any longer, seeing that he has taken off and laid aside his stole?

Some Catholics are so resentful—and thoughtless—that they refer to their lost shepherd as an "ex-priest." But he is still a priest, and the term "ex-priest" is meaningless, save as a name that belittles and hurts. Your lost shepherd, though he be, perchance, under censure of the Church, still belongs to you, and it is charity and not contempt that you owe him. Indeed, you owe him more kindness and love now than ever before. If it be that he is wounded, would you abandon your wounded shepherd or make little of him? The Church—*fons amoris*—still loves him and needs him. She calls to him to return, assuring him of her forgiveness.

In these days, it seems that the danger of giving offense by frankness grows less, while the danger of doing harm by half-truths increases. To attempt to conceal the fact that there are many stray shepherds living in our big cities is unwise—and futile. It is true, of course, that but a small percentage of priests are found wanting, but even that small percentage, in gross figures, is sizable. Then, too, some are immigrants from other countries. Many, the majority, seek to hide away in the mass of the people, unknown, so far as their past is concerned. Some, however, take up a ministry of preaching in a non-Catholic sect. Some take up a bitter pen to write against the Mother they once loved so well.

When priests go out into the world from their parishes or religious orders, they carry with them unforgettable and precious memories. These memories, secret and sacred, the substance of their past lives, toll the thought of God in their hearts. Faces, places, hand-clasps, graces and mystical experiences keep alive the inner consciousness of always being a priest. And there is, too, some unbreakable human link with the past—a sister, a friend, an old lay-brother, someone who perhaps *understands*.

There it is! The stray shepherd clings to the hope that the thing he has done, the break he has made, is, somehow, in the last analysis "understandable." At least his

sister, or friend, or the lay-brother, would understand that "it wasn't all wrong."

Maybe he was goaded to it. The injustice he suffered was too great to be put up with. His superior, his bishop, his pastor, was against him. His nerves were taut. He was overwrought. It was a veritable shell-shock. His judgment failed him utterly. God seemed far away—and it was then that the cunning whisper of the Evil One filled his ears till he could hear nothing else! "You will go mad unless you make the break—now."

Once the break is made and our stray shepherd goes into the wilderness, he finds the distance from his former parish or convent magnified a hundredfold every time he looks back. It is a frightening experience for him to discover that every step he takes is ten. According to his make-up, a mood of despair or cynicism or pagan adventure possesses him. Be that as it may, then is no time for any Catholic who meets him to be harsh or unkind.

Our lost shepherds, of every class, find their new life beset with hardships, even though it be strange and exciting for them. They quickly realize how inadequate is their training for making headway in the business world. They find that they are misfits, socially and intellectually. They are highly sensitive to slights and rebuffs, and they are, almost without exception, morbidly suspicious of being *discovered*.

The fear that the stray shepherd carries of being *discovered* is, too often, justified. If he gets a job in a big office, where there are Catholics as well as non-Catholics working, and if the whisper gets around that he is an "ex-priest," life becomes unbearable for him, and he has to quit. Sometimes it happens, alas, that a Catholic employer whose heart has little of Christ's love and pity, hearing that one of his employes is a former religious, fires him on the spot. "Out on the street for you," he says in anger. Thoughtless Catholics, discovering the address of one of our lost shepherds, plague him with anonymous letters.

While Catholics sorrow in their hearts over the loss of valiant leaders, the enemies of the Church rejoice. Whenever possible, they contact "liberated" priests, so-called, who have "quarreled with Rome." They make a noisy (but inexpensive) fuss over them and invite them to lecture and tell their stories. There are small doles and specious promises. Our lost shepherds are hurt by the patronizing attitude of men far inferior to them in education. They are embarrassed at every turn by being referred to as "ex-priests" or escapees. To be frank, they are seldom treated with respect or generosity. They are not really loved or trusted by their new patrons.

While he makes a living as best he can, what is in the mind of the stray shepherd? What does he feel, and think and say?

He meets others like himself, and perhaps forms a sincere friendship with a kindred spirit. He talks over old times, and swaps stories. He forgets that he is no longer wearing a soutane. He tells of Father Tim and Brother Tom. There is no trace of hate or bitterness—there is no lack of faith, but only a hidden nostalgia. Then, as the name of another stray shepherd crops up, one asks: "Do you think he will go back?" Among themselves they profess that they will never "go back," but again, one may say: "Bob, if I'm dying, and you're around, get me a priest, no matter what I say."

Caught as our lost shepherd is in an intensely worldly environment, and enmeshed with troubles arising from Canon Law, the prospect of reconciliation with Mother Church seems remote. It appears to him, though he should know better, difficult to achieve. It may be that he himself has never had personal experience in the routine of such a reconciliation, and he exaggerates the difficulty. He does not realize that it is much simpler and easier than supposed, given faith and a little courage on his part. He forgets how kind and good he himself was to penitents in the confessional, and that he is assured of a like kindness and goodness when he in his turn will find himself there on his knees.

And here, *en passant*, may one express the hope that some of our big-hearted people—priests and laymen together—form some plan so that the gap between our stray shepherds and their true home may be bridged?

The old, hard school of thought, "They know their duty! Let them do it!" could give way to a more loving attitude. Some of those we lost are so entangled in their environment that they need help of various kinds, and they don't know where to turn. And should there not be some word said to them from time to time in our Catholic press, to let them know how much they are loved and missed? Is there not work there for an apostle?

Among the thoughts that haunt the mind of the stray shepherd there is perhaps one that harries his soul, a *saving thought*, though it may not be one that is directly relevant to the call of duty. This thought, growing in urgency with the barren years that roll by, may lead him back to better things.

It was the thought of the bleak misery of being buried in unhallowed ground—of being buried in a lonely grave that had no blessing on it, nor the shadow of the Cross over it—that shocked me into a realization of where I stood. All my folks were Catholics for generations on generations. All my best and dearest friends had been Catholics. All of them, relatives and friends, lay in consecrated ground—and was it to be my fate to be separated utterly from them all in death? How could I lie in peace without being near them, without being prayed for as they were?

I think, maybe, that that thought must be troubling the heart of one or another shepherd lost in our big, lonely cities, as it certainly troubled mine.

The stray shepherd finds himself acting in accord with his priestly instincts when occasion suddenly presents itself. At least, so it was with me, and so I presume it is with others.

Once, when in my office in the East Sixties in New York City, I heard a gunshot outside my window. When I ran out, I saw a young man lying on the sidewalk with a smoking gun still in his hand. He had shot himself in the head—he was dying, and all but dead. The words of absolution came to my lips. He looked like an Italian—so, a Catholic. I absolved him.

Another time, in the early morning, I was walking with my dog along the East River near Flushing. I heard splashing and a cry of distress. A young man was clinging to the bank. I took hold of him to drag him out, but he struggled to free himself. He still wanted to drown. I talked fast, and discovered that he was a Catholic. Then I found myself scolding him as a disgrace to his religion, and urging him to make a good confession instead of being a fool. That steadied him until some passerby called an ambulance.

In general, I think lost shepherds are saddened to see Catholics betraying their religion, and are heartened when they hear that one of themselves has made his peace with God.

And now the question arises as to how the average Catholic can fulfill his duty to the priest who was once his leader but who has left him and is far away. That question finds its answer as follows:

Back in 1924, in St. Francis Xavier's Church in Dublin, among the many men of all ages who used to hear early Mass and "receive" every morning, was a quiet, graying man who seemed always to be praying. He would wait for a second Mass, and often for a third or a fourth, before he left the church. He used to hide in places where he would not be noticed—always as unobtrusive as could be. He was frail and pale-faced, with a broad forehead and deep-set eyes. A very gentle, thoughtful, determined man, you would say, but just another little Dublin man.

What was he praying for? There was something he wanted—that was plain—and he had his teeth in the job of getting it.

Well, he prayed for his five sons, and also for a younger brother—one very dear to him, whose first Mass he had attended just seven years before. He was praying for him now very earnestly because the terrible news had come to him that his brother had left the Jesuits, dismissed, and under the Church's censure, in New York City.

As he prayed, day after day, he planned to write kind letters once in a while to his brother, but never to write to him a word of reproach. Pray? Yes! He would always pray, but he decided not to tell his brother about that, lest there would be the intimation of reproach in his saying, "I am praying for you." No reproach, no admonition, no belittling names of any kind, but just *love and the long, silent battle of prayer*.

Ten years later, 1934, the same little Dublin man was praying for the same cause. He was still hearing Mass and receiving Communion every morning; still he stopped in the church for a second and a third Mass. He was grayer now and thinner—determined as before—but gentler and humbler in his great resolve.

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There was no answer as yet to his prayer. Things seemed even worse with his brother, who had begun to write bitter, foolish, sarcastic books about the Church's policies and practices.

Another ten years passed. It was now 1944. The little man in Dublin was very thin now, and his face was very lined. He coughed a lot as he prayed. He spent longer hours in church now. Sometimes in the early dawn he was waiting for the church door to open—and winter mornings in Dublin were often wet and cold. But, for all he prayed, there seemed no answer in sight. The brother he loved, his dear lost shepherd, seemed beyond hope.

For two years more the long battle, the long prayer, went on—twenty-two years in all of quiet, persistent prayer. Then he died—that man of faith, one of Dublin's unknown great. His funeral was thronged. He would have been surprised at that. His face was beautiful in death. A poor Dublin woman said: "He looked like a bishop." Still he had not won his battle *on this side of the grave*—not until he was face to face with God.

But then, a few months later—a few months after my brother's death—the letter came from Rome that meant peace and reconciliation for me.

The death of a lost shepherd who has not had anyone to pray for him can be very lonely—and sad.

One such was that of a very dear friend, "Bill." He was a kindly soul, a fine scholar, erratic and advanced in his social theories, but withal a courteous gentleman. We played chess together a good deal and discussed many things. He guessed that I was "going back," but he showed no sign of thinking that he would or could do the like. He had a little congregation, where he talked philosophy and theism on Sundays, and he did many kind things for those in poverty or mental distress. There was real goodness in him.

"Bill" was a sick man. His heart was bad, likely to give out at any time, and he knew it but did not seem to care. He was tired—physically and mentally—and his only joy was to play chess. Then the fatal attack struck. He was doomed—a day or so at the most—but it was not to be quite so sudden as expected.

I wanted to be with him alone, and managed to be for an hour or two. I thought, maybe, he might say something to me, as one lost shepherd to another. But though his large, dark eyes searched mine as I sat by his bed, he said nothing. I was hoping he would ask me to do for him what he knew I could and would do willingly. He played a last few games of chess with me—against the doctor's orders—then he was more weak and tired than before. He lay panting—and no Crucifix in his room to hold his gaze. I wept inwardly to think that no one had really prayed for this dying Irish Soggarth!

I wanted to spend the night with "Bill," but a dour member of his congregation came in. He did not like me, and I had to leave. Would "Bill" survive the night? Maybe, next day, he might ask for the sacraments. In the morning I returned, to find that he had just died, five minutes before, and there would never be a Cross over his grave. Now I know that people do not pray enough for their stray shepherds.

Catholics and world federation

Edward A. Conway

My friends in the movement for a world federal government, to be achieved by a major operation on the moribund United Nations, have been holding high holiday ever since His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, addressed 300 delegates of the European Union of Federalists at Castel Gandolfo on Armistice Day. Ninety-nine per cent of my World Federalist friends are non-Catholic and, besides their major heresies, they harbor the quaint belief that because the Pope approved European Federation with its insistence on a substantial sacrifice of sovereignty, Catholics all over the world will promptly and automatically follow his lead. Some of them, with the jet-propelled logic for which Federalists are famous, have already concluded that the Holy Father approves also of World Federation. Already they are counting millions of Catholic Americans as members of the world government cause. I do not have the heart to cite them the curious case of *Rerum Novarum*, with its sequel, ironically titled *Quadragesimo Anno*, and to warn them that we American Catholics are curiously and often callously indifferent to non-infallible papal pronouncements. Which is not to insinuate that my World Federalist friends have no cause for jubilation, as the European Federalists certainly have, over the Pope's Armistice Day address. But just how much encouragement they should take from it remains to be seen. The best way to find out is to subject the address itself and the attendant circumstances to the most careful analysis.

It might be helpful, however, before discussing the address itself, to identify the group that heard it. American Catholics have heard little about the European Union of Federalists. What is this organization to which His Holiness said:

Thanks be to God the movement already counts among its members, and is gaining over to its cause, so many honest men, so many generous men, that We shall not weary in the hope that the real remedy for the ills of this continent will at last be found. In any case, with the keenest sympathy We pray the Father of Lights to enlighten you, to assist you in your work and to bless the endeavors you are concentrating on the peace which the world is longing for so ardently.

EUF is not a new organization; it is a federation of federal movements in Europe. It coordinates the activities, while respecting the autonomy, of more than fifty national groups in sixteen countries, among which are Austria, England, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Lichtenstein, Luxembourg and Switzerland. The Union itself is only two years old, having been organized in Paris, December 15, 1946, after a preliminary meeting at Hertenstein, Switzerland, in August, 1946. It held its first public meeting in Amsterdam on April 16, and its first international congress at

Montreux, Switzerland, August 27-31, 1947, at which a complete philosophy of European federalism and a corresponding action program were adopted. It was EUF which took the initiative, together with a group of affiliated organizations, in organizing the unofficial Congress of Europe at The Hague, May 7-10, 1948 (AM. 6/22).

Delegates from twenty-two nations—among them three former premiers of France, Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden—took an active part in the Congress. The main resolution called for a continental congress, stating that “it is the urgent duty of the nations of Europe to create an economic and political union to assure security and social progress.” It added that the time has come for those nations to transfer and merge some of their sovereign rights in order to secure common action. That was its response to Churchill’s plea “to accept the larger sovereignty which alone can protect their diverse and distinctive customs and characteristics and their national traditions, all of which under totalitarian systems—whether Nazi, fascist or communist—would certainly be blotted out forever.” The Congress called for the creation of a European assembly chosen by the parliaments of the participating nations as “a matter of real urgency.” The union “should be open to all European nations democratically governed and which undertake to respect a charter of human rights.” Another resolution called for a court of justice “with adequate sanctions for the implementation of the charter of human rights.”

The position of the European Federalists was forcefully expressed at the Congress by Dr. Henri Brugmans, head of the Dutch Federalist movement and first Chairman of the Executive Board of EUF. “Don’t believe,” said Dr. Brugmans, “that the United Nations will bring us peace or that Marshall Plan aid will be enough to bring us prosperity. We need a drastic remedy to improve European national economies. We need more than treaties. What we need is a federation like Switzerland and the United States.”

Dr. Brugmans’ reference to national economies points the emphasis on economic reorganization which distinguishes the philosophy of EUF. It holds that the fatal application by each state of the principle of absolute sovereignty prevents the economic rehabilitation and prosperity of Europe. Hence it would delegate to a federal authority “without prejudice to the powers reserved to a world organization” the right to regulate monetary matters; interstate commerce, and extra-European as well; the movement of capital; the free circulation of citizens of the federal union within the federation, as well as emigration and immigration; the right to regulate production and sale of armaments and of atomic energy (again within the framework of international accords); the right to regulate communications and to fix tariffs; the right to levy necessary taxes for the support of the federal union; and, finally, the right to handle all economic questions with peoples not yet organized into states.

It was to this Hague Congress of Europe that the Holy Father referred in his Armistice Day address when he said: “It was precisely this preoccupation [his ‘persis-

tent efforts made without respite for the past ten years to bring about a *rapprochement*, a sincere and cordial union between all the nations] which prompted Us on the 2nd of June last to speak in favor of a European Union.” He was referring to his address to the College of Cardinals on his Name Day in which he said:

Since in this fashion the world has been languishing for three years under a strange uneasiness and is wandering along divergent paths, faltering between peace and war, far-seeing and courageous men are searching unceasingly for new avenues that open the way to safety. Through repeated attempts at reconciliation, they are devoting themselves to set on her feet again a Europe shaken to her very foundations and to make of this source of recurring upheavals a bulwark of peace and the providential champion of a general calm over the whole face of the world.

Hence, though without wanting to involve the Church in the tangle of purely temporal interests, We deemed it opportune to appoint Our special representative to the “Congress of Europe” recently held at The Hague, in order to show the solicitude and to offer the encouragement of this Apostolic See for the union of nations. *Neither have We any doubt that Our faithful children will realize that their position is always at the side of those generous souls who are preparing the way for mutual understanding and for the re-establishment of a sincere spirit of peace among nations* (Emphasis supplied).

I have referred to other organizations which cooperated with the EUF in arranging the Congress of Europe. They



are so numerous that an American observer may be pardoned if he is unable to keep them sorted out. Among the more prominent are the Independent League of European Cooperation—president, Paul Van Zeeland; the French Council for a United Europe — honorary president, M. Edward Herriot; the United Europe Movement—president, Winston Churchill; and the European Parliamentary Union, developed through the past twenty years by Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi. These organizations are grouped with the EUF in the International Committee of Coordination which has the over-all objective of speeding the political, economic and cultural unification of Europe—however much its members may differ as to methodology. The EUF is, moreover, closely aligned with the World Movement for World Government, which held its second annual Convention at Luxembourg September 5-10 (AM. 9/6) and elected as president Sir John Boyd Orr, former head of the UN Food and Agricultural organization. The United World Federalists of this country sent more than fifty members to the Luxembourg assembly. How closely the EUF is tied to the WMWG may be judged from the words of Dr. Brugmans at the first annual EUF convention held at Montreux August 27-31, 1947:

We are often asked if we European Federalists are in favor of a World Federal Government, or whether we intend to work in the first place for our own continent.

I will answer this question with complete frankness.

We believe that by the very fact of pursuing a European policy we are already pursuing a policy of world order. It would be absurd to try to organize Europe in a watertight compartment. The fact that we have taken as our motto "One Europe in One World" proves that we regard any action to achieve a peaceful Europe in a divided world as utopian. From the beginning, the cause of Europe has been indefensible except within a world framework.

I will go even further. To our mind it is not a question of progressive steps, or proceeding by stages—first, for example, to establish "Benelux," then to organize Europe, and finally to unite "the great globe itself." No. History does not work like that. Every problem involves every other problem. Without a federated Europe, no local effort will be safe, and what would happen to Europe itself if it remained at the mercy of atomic destruction and famine? For us, world peace is not a far-off dream but an immediate necessity, which involves practical solutions starting from today. That is why we played such an active part in the World Federalist Conference which was held in Montreux in August, 1947. I think I can claim that our efforts at that conference were not in vain.

My World Federalist friends in the United States take for granted that the Holy Father was aware, when he addressed the EUF on Armistice Day, of the intimate ties between the European and the World Federalists. Hence their jubilation at reading:

That the establishment of a European union presents serious difficulties no one will gainsay. At first sight the argument might be advanced that before such a union can be made psychologically acceptable to all the peoples of Europe, they must be accorded a certain period of delay to rid themselves of the memory of all that happened during the last war. Yet there is no time to lose. If it is intended that this union shall really achieve its purpose, if it is desired to make it serve to advantage the cause of European liberty and concord, the cause of economic and political peace between the continents, it is high time it were established. Some are even asking themselves whether it is not already too late.

If winter comes, my Federalist friends exclaim, can spring be far behind?

Even though the Holy Father, they reason, said nothing explicitly about world federation, his warm approval of European federation will surely give immense impetus to their movement, and hasten thereby the larger development they desire. I am inclined to agree with them. To anyone who understands how comprehensive is Vatican information, it is inconceivable that the Holy Father would have spoken as he did without exhaustive knowledge of the group he was addressing.

By happy chance I learned just two days after his Armistice Day address how well briefed in this case the Holy Father actually was. At the Second Annual Assembly of the United World Federalists at Minneapolis (Nov. 11-14) I met the Abbé H. A. Grouès, much-decorated member of the French Resistance, chaplain of the Maquis of Vercors and at present MRP deputy in the French National Assembly from Meurthe-et-Moselle. The Abbé Pierre, as he was known when he was outwitting the

Gestapo to save hundreds of hunted French (and many Jewish refugees), is now chairman of the Executive Committee of the World Movement for World Government. He told me that on May 1 of this year he had been privileged to have a private audience with the Holy Father, in which he explained at length, with ample documentation, the whole federalist movement. What the Holy Father said is for the Abbé to divulge. After the interview he sent the Abbé to Monsignor Valeri and Montini, of the Papal Secretariate of State. The Roman correspondent of the Parisian Catholic *La Croix* reported in the May 12 issue that the prelates gave him a most comprehensive and cordial interview. Abbé Pierre is more than a little puzzled by the skepticism American Catholics show toward world federalism. I told him they may be reassured by a resolution passed by the Minneapolis Assembly of UWF:

UWF recognizes that world government must bring together under a rule of law peoples of various ideologies throughout the world. However, as a United States organization, UWF will not knowingly admit or continue as members persons who seek to overthrow the government of, or, in the interests of a foreign Power, seek to weaken the United States, or to change its form of government by other than constitutional means.

In Europe, the Abbé assured me, the Christian Democrats, most of them Catholic, are the backbone of the federalist movement. Premier de Gasperi of Italy, M. Bidault of France, and Eugen Kogon of Germany are among the best known. Whom, if not Catholics, did the Holy Father have in mind when he asked:

United Europe cannot be built upon a mere abstract idea. She must needs depend for support on living men. Who will they be? Hardly the former statesmen of the old European Powers. They have disappeared, or no longer wield any influence. Still less will they be the components of the "mass," such as we defined it in our message of 1944; true democracy, with its ideal of wholesome freedom and equality, has no more formidable adversary.

It remains to ask ourselves where the most insistent summons to European unity will come from. It will come from men who sincerely love peace, from men of order and tranquillity, from men who, at least intentionally and of their own free will, are not "uprooted" and who find in respectable and happy home life the primary object of their thought and enjoyment. These are the people who will carry on their shoulders the edifice of united Europe.

Not only the cause of European union needs that kind of people; the World Federalist movement needs them too. It occurred to me as I read those lines that American Catholics could make a distinctively Catholic and definitely valuable contribution to that movement. It remains to be seen whether the Holy Father's Armistice Day address will inspire them to do so. At the very least, we may expect the more perceptive among them to begin taking an interest in federalism, since it so obviously interests the Pope. That is what my World Federalist friends, whose national office is at 7 East 12th St., New York City, are hoping. (If you write them, be sure the address is legible; the national office of the Communist Party of America is just down the street.)

American feminism a century after

W. B. Faherty

Father W. B. Faherty, S.J., Director of the Downtown (Adult) Division of Regis College, Denver, has been preparing a book on the teachings of recent Popes on women's role in society. He did his doctoral work in history and sociology at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

The United States has in various ways marked the centennial of the American Feminist Movement, which began with the Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, New York, in July, 1848. At the beginning of this year the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor held a three-day anniversary conference on "The American Woman: Her Changing Role, Worker, Homemaker, Citizen." The Post Office Department has issued a commemorative stamp which bears the pictures of Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the wheelhorses of the Seneca Falls meeting, and of Carrie Chapman Catt, a more recent suffragette leader. The centenary offers, likewise, a convenient stopping point for an appraisal of the great social changes that feminism has helped to bring about in American life.

The beginnings of the movement in America grew out of the interest of several American women in the struggle against slavery. Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Stanton and a few other ladies of prominence had journeyed to London in 1840 as accredited delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention. Upon attempting to present their credentials, they were excluded because of their sex. The spurned delegates went home, intent on avenging the affront.

After eight years of agitation they succeeded in summoning the first woman's rights convention. American feminism thus made its debut. Among the participants at the meeting were aggressive and uncompromising Susan B. Anthony, the Boadicea of the feminist movement, and eloquent, friendly Lucy Stone, who, joined by her husband, Harry Brown Blackwell (whose name, with his permission, she never used), devoted her life to the advancement of woman's cause.

These women, together with the men who participated in their assembly, issued a formal "Declaration of Independence," which protested that women were not allowed to vote, to govern the churches, to attend the universities, to enter certain fields of remunerative employment and to have a voice in the formation of laws, so many of which discriminated against their sex.

The Seneca Falls Feminists wrote their own version of past events, which they summarized in one sentence: "The history of mankind is the history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her." After the English parliamentarian John Stuart Mill published his very influential essay, "The Subjection of Women"—most of which his wife wrote—the Feminists spoke very often of woman's subjection to man, even using the word "servitude" to describe her status.

From the very beginning, the woman's movement in America was divided. A small minority of militant Feminists, among them Lucy Stone, believed that feminine

contributions to public life would be such as to conserve the interests of the family and the home. An opposing group advocated no separate feminine contribution to the public welfare, seeking instead a masculine pattern of behavior. To them the male ideal was the only ideal. Easy divorce and, later on, birth control became part of their program to give the wife a freedom equal to her husband's. They wanted women to leave the home and engage in all work men did. They insisted on exactly the same courses of study for both sexes.

During the course of time this wing of feminism aroused the hostility of such progressive Americans as Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and James Cardinal Gibbons. That renowned prelate wrote of the woman's movement in a national magazine for January, 1902: "Its shibboleth would seem to be: masculinity is greater than motherhood."

Most of the Feminists, however, were middle-of-the-roaders, interested in practical here-and-now advances in public life. They kept up a constant cross-fire of writing and speech-making for the purpose of gaining the vote, and predicted widespread reforms in public life once suffrage was universal. Promising to "emancipate" woman from the drudgery of the home, they asked for more opportunities in education, wider fields for female employment and the revoking of discriminatory laws.

Eventually the Feminists gained their objectives. Coeds became a part of the American campus scene and lady lawyers were admitted to the bar. Working women found wider opportunity for remunerative employment. The feminine status before the law was improved by such enactments as those allowing wives to make contracts and to dispose of their separate property by will. Slowly but surely the suffragettes carried their campaign to final victory with the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment.

Little wonder, then, that most of the Feminists who attended the Woman's Bureau Conference early this year looked on the hundred years since the Seneca Falls meeting as a century of constant success and urged for the future merely a continuation of the same program. The male moderator of one of the sessions, in fact, chided the ladies that they seemed to have gathered chiefly for the purpose of congratulating one another.

They did not even consider the possibility that there might be truth in the statement of the noted anthropologist, Margaret Mead, who wrote two years ago: "The persistent fact is that the most articulate, the best-educated, the most mobile group of American women is disturbed." (*Fortune*, Dec., 1946, p. 173.)

No recognition was given to the rash of recent books that speak of current feminine uncertainty. Only an indirect reference was made to the provocative best-seller, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*, in which co-authors

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Ferdinand Lundberg and Dr. Marynia Farnham presented a criticism of the feminist movement that could scarcely be overlooked by a conference commemorating that movement's American centennial. The speaker who made this reference avoided answering the thesis that modern woman is lost by alleging that modern man is not only lost but frustrated.

While admitting the excellence of individual speeches, one can only conclude that the majority of conferees did not wish to face all the facts. They blindly passed over too many evidences of feminine dissatisfaction. Less applause and more objective appraising of woman's "advances" is imperative if American society would prosper.

The fundamental error of the Feminists lay in their failure to analyze woman's physical and psychological make-up. They never once asked what the function of woman was, or how she could best attain satisfaction in life. That motherhood might be the "sphere of woman," as Pope Pius XII stated, never crossed the threshold of their determined intellects. They presumed, further, that man was woman's rival, not her companion, and sought satisfaction for her in public achievement.

These false premises led to wrong conclusions in all spheres of human life. They set out to "emancipate" women from *domestic* duties without asking their non-Feminist sisters if they wanted "emancipation." Didn't the Feminists realize that another possibility lay open—that they might improve woman's position by bolstering the home, so badly undermined by the disruptive effects of the industrial revolution and the individualist philosophy that accompanied it? No, that alternative they completely overlooked.

All home-makers could have used modern appliances to eliminate drudgery and increase their productive contribution in the home, as many individual women, especially in rural areas, have done. Instead the Feminists campaigned against the drudgery of the household and helped to send into the factory a great number of wives and mothers who might better have remained at home.

There is a brighter side, however, to feminist influence in the economic scene. Feminists helped open to talented women certain fields of activity in which those individuals can make distinct contributions to social life, such as medicine, nursing, editing, decorating, social-welfare work and the like. Secondly, some Feminists helped effect the passage of protective social legislation calling for better sanitation and safety conditions in factories, more reasonable hours of work and improved salary arrangements. And when the fact is recognized that the vast majority of the 17 million American women in the labor force have taken employment in order to support themselves and their families, the advantage of such improvements becomes doubly apparent.

Facts on the types of women's employment, however, might come as a shock to those who take pride in the fact that they have set women free from the drudgery of the home. In opening the Commemorative Conference last winter, Frieda S. Miller, Director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, gave an official report entitled "Who Works, Where and Why":

Less than 5,000 women [stated Miss Miller] are employed in each of the more "glamorous" occupations, such as airplane stewardess, actress, radio commentator, photographer. Even after 100 years of "emancipation," women represent less than 5 per cent of any such high-grade professional groups as doctors, dentists, engineers, chemists, architects, lawyers and certified public accountants (*Woman's Bureau Bulletin*, No. 224, p. 14).

Where are the women then? The positions in which there are over 100,000 women employed and in which they comprise more than 75 per cent of all employed are, according to Miss Miller: servants in private families; stenographers and secretaries; teachers; "operatives on apparel," to use the words of the Report; housekeepers for private families; nurses; telephone operators; laundry workers; dressmakers outside of factories; and boarding-house keepers.

Except for the stenographers and telephone operators, most women seem to be doing outside the home the very work which was termed "drudgery" when done by the wife in the home: serving at table, sewing—being an "operative on apparel" sounds so much more thrilling!—teaching children, taking care of the sick, washing clothes and keeping house. Gladys Dickason, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, summarized these facts in a few words: "Women . . . are merely following into the public place of work the job which formerly was performed at home." (*Bulletin* No. 224, p. 21.)

In the field of *education*, the Feminists helped to widen woman's opportunities. The only criticism in this sphere is that in many places the education of the young woman has become identical with that given young men. The organic and mental differences of the two and woman's natural function in life seem to be lost sight of in the attempt to prepare her for the temporary job she may hold. This does not mean that girls should not receive as advanced an intellectual education as boys. They should. Nor does it mean merely that an elective in home economics should be offered somewhere in the course. No, the entire education of girls must give greater emphasis to their preparation for motherhood.

Most of the changes in the *legal* sphere have been a boon to women. The marked division among Feminists has been a handicap here. Some "Woman's-Righters" have demanded special protective legislation for women; others, insisting on the identity of the sexes, have opposed legislation for women as women. They support only those enactments which treat men and women alike, as workers, for instance, or as members of a profession.

The *political* sphere has witnessed a rousing victory for the suffragettes. But one looks in vain for the great social improvement that woman's suffrage was to bring with it. The woman's vote has not reformed politics or resulted in the election of notably better candidates. There is no national women's bloc that stands united on major issues. Though women legislators could have helped in the passage of needed social legislation—a field of law-making in which women seem to have a greater interest than men—the suffragettes have sent very few to the State or national legislatures.

In an address to the women of Italy on October 21, 1945, Pope Pius XII outlined the role of women in today's political and civic life. He stressed the traditional Christian role of woman as mother and home-maker; then, adverturing to modern conditions, he went on:

Shall we conclude that you Catholic women and girls must show yourselves averse to a movement which willy-nilly carried you with it into social and political life? Certainly not . . .

The fate of the family, the fate of human relations are at stake. They are in your hands (*tua res agitur*). Every woman has then, mark it well, the obligation, the strict obligation in conscience, not to absent herself but to go into action in a manner and way suitable to the conditions of each, so as to hold back those currents which threaten the home, so as to oppose those doctrines which undermine its foundations, so as to prepare, organize and achieve its restoration.

The whole address warrants study by anyone interested in the feminist movement from a Christian standpoint.

Should one hundred years of American feminism be written off, then, as a loss for the nation? No, that conclusion would be hasty and unjust. Some results have been fine, others bad. The possibilities of an alert, educated American womanhood for lasting good are tremendous, but so far largely unrealized. There must be a re-evaluation of the past, honest analysis of the present, and above all some thoughtful planning for the future. This planning must be based on an accurate knowledge of woman's nature and her relations to man, and must give proper attention to the American home. That feminists did not do this a century ago has made much of their work vain.

Wilfrid Meynell

London.—“Wilfrid Meynell has died within a month of his ninety-seventh year. He has missed his century, to which all but himself were eagerly looking forward,” wrote Sir Shane Leslie in the *Tablet* on the occasion of the death of “the Grand Old Man of Catholic journalism,” “the last literary survivor of the eighties . . . indeed the last Victorian,” Wilfrid Meynell.

Wilfrid Meynell died late at night on October 20. His death had been “possible” for so long, owing to his great age, that in a way it had become impossible: he had become an institution. Indeed, on my Christmas-card list, prepared in early October, I, his grandchild, find the dear familiar name, “Gaffer”—showing how little premonition we had that he would so soon actually, incredibly, be dead; he had become a part of the landscape of his home at Greatham, Sussex, seated outside his library door, muffled and aged, reading old letters.

“In England he outlived the world of friends who would have mourned him from Garvin to Patmore,” wrote a correspondent in the *Times*, who went on:

He was the last surviving confidant of Cardinal Manning, whose mercurial press agent he had been. Who else living had dogged his hero Disraeli through the streets? . . . He helped and inspired, protected and often published three generations of Catholic writers. Though he never found another Francis

Thompson in Peter's net, he never rested till he had him proclaimed a prince of poets. He himself sacrificed his muse to others. He became press agent to Mrs. Meynell, Thompson and Patmore.

“With the death of Wilfrid Meynell,” writes another obituarist, “a whole chapter of Catholic life in England is brought to a close. Born in 1852, he was received into the Church when he was eighteen, and became one of those who helped to rebuild the Church in England after her long obscurity (before 1830, as George Eliot said, ‘rural Englishmen had hardly known more of Catholics than of the fossil mammoths’).” By-passing his better-known and public achievements, this obituarist continues: “One of his most striking characteristics was his love of the poor. He obeyed Christ in identifying Him with every poor man he saw. He never passed one without a gift, often elaborately given. Sometimes he put both hands behind his back, saying there was a penny in one, half-a-crown in the other, and told the poor man to choose, always of course producing the half-crown, but pretending to be disgusted at his own ill luck.” And the *Manchester Guardian* obituary points out that he often kissed the beggarly hands that he was filling. Other tributes read:

Retiring to a corner near the Parham woods [Greatham] nearly forty years ago, he made that part of Sussex legendary in English letters. The trees he planted in middle age were soaring like tall green tapers when he was taken to burial at Storrington. With him is lost touch with scores of Victorians. Much gossip in which he was a charitable but fascinating adept will pass away. But something will never pass, and that is his practised interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount.

This all too slight impression many will fill out for themselves, most of all the privileged who heard his intimate talk of the long past and its great figures: Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson, Disraeli and Manning—heroes of his youth and age—Coventry Patmore and Wilfrid Blunt and the rest. With his passing they, too, have gone back into the dim past. A great age is really ended. While he lived, you felt that they still hovered around. . . .

Indeed, the general feeling of the obituaries is that an age has been rounded off and finished with the death of Wilfrid Meynell, and that it was a great age.

He was buried in the little Catholic cemetery at Storrington on a tiny hill close to the downs, almost under the shadow of Francis Thompson's crucifix on the one side, and in sight of Greatham on the other. Both his wife, Alice Meynell, and his more-than-friend, Francis Thompson, are buried at Kensal Green, London. But Wilfrid had latterly become such a country man, had made his home so exclusively at Greatham, that it was thought appropriate to bury him near to his country home, and Storrington, already a place of pilgrimage to lovers of Francis Thompson, seemed the fitting place.

A Requiem Mass was said in Westminster Cathedral on November 4 by Father Ignatius Rice, O.S.B., one of the many friends of the evening of Wilfrid's life. Nearly all his children, grand-children, and great-grand-children were present, recalling Thompson's “O Tree of many branches!”

BARBARA WALL

Literature & Art

As others see us

Edward Duff, S.J.

Are you reeling from the body blows of the Reformation Day orators who described Catholicism as ecclesiastical totalitarianism, and Catholics as enemies of religious liberty? You may be reassured by an opposite appraisal by a recent visitor from England. Bruce Marshall, the novelist, has been reporting his impressions of his American lecture tour in the *Catholic Herald* of London with the wit and originality that made *The World, The Flesh and Father Smith* a triumphant success. He sees the American hierarchy not as the contrivers of a conspiracy to send Myron Taylor to the Vatican or as a malevolent mechanism intent on turning little red school houses into nuns' nests, but as leaders of 40,470 priests in 14,742 parishes who are endeavoring to implant a basic idea in the minds of 25,268,173 layfolk. The priests are out to persuade people

... not to live by Coca-Cola alone but to devote at least a commensurate portion of their energies to getting themselves into heaven, whether it lies above the bright blue yonder or in a hollow pocket outside Einstein's tureen of curved cosmos. This, and not, as is often suspected, to provide soft mattresses for lynx-eyed monsignori or to do dirt to Stalin or the Baptists, is the one politic which inspires the Catholic Church, iridescent in Ireland or perturbed in Poland.

Religious totalitarians are traditionally solemn folk—like Oliver Cromwell—and the victims of ecclesiastical tyranny might properly be supposed to be cringing creatures. Yet in Marshall's judgment Catholicism in America is marked by youthfulness, buoyancy and an independent spirit that shows itself in a capacity for self-criticism. "Even the archbishops and bishops seem to wear their mitres at a tilt rather than with the traditional decorum affected by their European colleagues." There was the priest in Baton Rouge, for instance, who asked the novelist in the smiling presence of the bishop: "What sort of a bozo is Evelyn Waugh?" Bruce Marshall, it turns out, doesn't know what sort of bozo Evelyn Waugh is, never having met him, but he is clear on the American clergy: they are "sincere bozos, and sincerity is what the disillusioned and propaganda-fed people of the world are seeking today." And American nuns he found so human, so charming, so intelligent that he risks the appearance of disrespect to term them "pretty decent bozos, too." (Or perhaps the feminine is boza?)

The essential honesty of the American Catholic laity and the absence of continental apathy and intellectual pride are singled out for commendation. There was the nurse in Chicago who interspersed her concern about

covering the freckles on her arm—for the formal dance—with unabashed spiritual confidences. There is the uncomplicated realization by the American Catholic boy of what he has to do about it when he has offended God, a realization which reminds the novelist that

more of our present distress results from the fact that the young men of Europe no longer "know what to do about it" than because of the guarantees Mr. Roosevelt failed to obtain from Marshal Stalin at Yalta . . . when American Catholic laymen drink too much, act outside their terms of reference with blondes or run away with the cash box, they know that their malpractices, rather than entitling them to disbelief in the Trinity and start in with brunettes as well, authorize only a firm purpose of amendment.

Then there are the prodigious efforts of Catholic education to be noted in this country, a system reaching a climax in 205 colleges and universities. They represent an alliance of learning and religion which, while not yet rivaling the culture imparted by Oxford and Cambridge, provides a definite view of the meaning of the world. That is more than can be said for most colleges and universities.

Will American Catholicism, with such resources, be able to live up to the increased responsibilities which the progressive de-Christianization of Europe may lay upon it? Mr. Marshall does not underestimate the difficulties. Indeed, he was posted on the proportions of the problem by a monsignor from the Midwest who told him that our success is purely material, with money wasted on universities that should have been spent evangelizing the country; and by the author of *Moon Gaffney*, who complained of the Machiavellianism and the puritanism of the Irish priests who make sexual morality the whole of the law and the prophets. The good monsignor, Marshall concluded after seeing America from New Brunswick to California, is a spiritual-minded man with a preference for seeing Cardinals going barefoot and bishops sleeping on trestle beds. And while Irish priests occasionally give the impression that "God made an artistic mistake when he planned the mechanics of procreation," it seems reasonable to Mr. Marshall, if not to Harry Sylvester, for a parish priest in Milwaukee to condemn the transgressions that are common in Milwaukee and not those popular in Moscow:

It is possible that the Irish clergy of Boston, for example, spend more time fulminating against immoderate lovers than against concentration camps; but in fairness to them it must be pointed out that it is highly unlikely that many of their parishioners have any desire to commit a concentration camp.

Then there is the cultural impoverishment which makes difficult the entry of any religious ideas: the Church must struggle "not only against flesh and blood but against bongo, bongo and the comic strip."

Over all these difficulties, Mr. Marshall is confident, Catholicism in America will win through. Clergy and laity alike, he found us energetic, humble and apostolic. But our capacity for self-criticism gave him stronger grounds for hope. "Only by the direct mercy of God can

any single one of us hope to be saved," said the pessimistic monsignor from the Middle West. This awareness of weakness constitutes, in the opinion of the British observer, our real strength. "For power is made perfect in infirmity" (II Cor. 12:9).

Books

Peter—caricatured

THE BIG FISHERMAN

By *Lloyd C. Douglas*. Houghton, Mifflin. 581p. \$3.75

A mental groan welled up in me when word got about that Mr. Douglas was to follow up *The Robe* with a fictionalized treatment of St. Peter, said creation to be called *The Big Fisherman*. I announce, unhappily but somewhat smugly, that the groan is hereby released gustily; this second skittish journey into sacred history merits a good groan, though it will actually win many a shekel and no small kudos among the kind of people who find this type of stuff uplifting in its homespun way.

Let me indicate briefly some of the major unforgivable licenses taken by Mr. Douglas. To begin with, there are wild and utterly unnecessary divergences from the facts as given in Scripture. What we criticize is not a matter of an author's trying imaginatively to fill in gaps in the sacred text; it is a question of openly departing from the record, and that is wanton tampering with the Word of God. I began, early in the book, to mark passages where this transgression is most annoyingly evident; I gave up after I had noted a dozen or so.

Akin to this is the rephrasing of Our Lord's parables and sermons. It is not that Mr. Douglas first gives Christ's own words and then embroiders a little homily onto them; that might be all right—after all, that's what our Sunday sermons do. But Mr. D. just doesn't give Our Lord's words, nor even His thoughts; the parables as rendered are flabby and merely humanitarian; they become just the exhortations of a professional do-gooder, and cease being the binding revelations of One who *re-creates* life.

Further, there are significant omissions: the account of the Last Supper forgets all about the Blessed Sacrament; Our Lady, though referred to, is strangely absent.

Perhaps most disturbing is what I can only call the inconclusiveness of the whole approach and atmosphere. It's as though Mr. D. just doesn't want

to take sides. Christ performs miracles; but the miracle of the loaves and fishes is still the miracle, as it was in *The Robe*, of shaming the people into sharing the food that they did have with them.

And—throughout the miracles—Christ is depicted as expending stores of psychic energy, so that afterwards He is spent and pale. Is He, then, the real master of His world, or a mere instrument through whom God works? You will never know from Mr. D. And was He the only son of a Virgin Mother? Again, you won't find out here, for Mr. D. smoothly sidesteps that question by referring to Christ's "family." The Apostles and others refer to Him as "divine," but in what sense—as truly and substantially God or as the vessel receiving from elsewhere some powers of divinity?

Moreover, the style is cloyingly chummy, a trait which results from the undoubtedly laudable intention of making the characters alive and close to us; personally, I rather gag at having Peter being palsy-walsy with "Johnny" the Evangelist, with "Thad," with "Joe" of Arimathea. And, in order to make Peter more like you and me and therefore more appealing, he has to be shown as a scion of the synagogue and the religion of his fathers before he meets Christ.

The elaborate plot brings in the national hatreds of Jews and Arabians, the dominance of Rome and its plans to invade the Holy Land, and the tender, star-crossed love affair between an Arabian prince and a Jewish-Arabian girl—though what happens to her in the end I could not discover.

The reader will probably take from this book just exactly what he brings to it. If he believes in the divinity of Christ and His Church, he will think he sees that; if he looks at Christ as a very, very good and puzzling man through whom God did work some rather strange marvels way back when, that's what he will see. But it strikes me that that sort of book is weasel-worded. In striving to sidestep controversy, the book enervates Christ.

The Big Fisherman (God save the mark!), St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and He whose Vicar he was, have here been trimmed and cut down by a Main Street talent for Main Street consumption.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

Peter—characterized

SAINT PETER THE APOSTLE

By *William Thomas Walsh*. Macmillan. 307p. \$3.50

This is the kind of historical biography one would like to see faithfully produced as a motion picture. The author, a college professor, historian, novelist, poet and playwright, has given us the product of all his diversified abilities in his last published work. As a scholar and historian, he has written objectively, thoroughly and accurately; as a novelist, poet and playwright, he has written dramatically and lucidly.

To the average layman who is familiar with the Gospels and, to some extent, with Church history, *Saint Peter the Apostle* will add a third dimension to what was a flat conception of the life of Christ and the beginnings of His Church. The Scribes and the Pharisees, whom the author calls the Hebrew Puritans, become vivid, human and surprisingly modern in the biography. The sinister career of Annas, "the old racketeer," is exposed, as well as the hysterical antics of Nero. The book includes a discussion of such diversified topics as the Feast of the Dedication, which commemorated the purging of the Temple in 67 B.C. by Judas Macabeus; the Feast of Tabernacles, the ritual followed at the Passover meal; currency, taxation, climate and topography. These commentaries give the work a documentary quality seldom attained in biographical writing.

Excluding the characterization of Christ, the author emphasizes three historical personages: Peter, Judas and Paul of Tarsus. Peter, it would seem (perhaps to place him as a foil against himself after the first Pentecost), is represented at first with many more flaws of character and personality than we generally attribute to him; Dr. Walsh calls him carnal, dull-witted and mercenary, as well as impulsive and literal-minded. But perhaps no author could depict the character of Peter as the Keeper of the Keys with more bountiful use of the superlative than does this biographer. Peter becomes the eloquent, diplomatic, industrious, selfless, ascetic overseer of Christ's infant Church. Strangely enough, Peter and Judas are at first of quite the same temperament, with the one exception: Judas knew not how to love or how to make concessions for his own obtuse

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ness. Paul is the fiery enthusiast, retaining the rashness he possessed before his conversion, but directing it into the channel of apostolic zeal, and realizing a more subdued temperament only in old age.

The dramatic heights of the biography are reached in the scenes of the Transfiguration, the Last Supper and the first Palm Sunday. Here the reader identifies himself directly with Peter, through whose pulse one feels awe, mystery, fear and elation.

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LYDIA C. CICLIO

Modest generalissimo

CRUSADE IN EUROPE

By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday. 559p. \$5.

Here is the General's "personal account of World War II." It is, of course, of inestimable value to the historian; and it is extremely good reading, as well. Throughout, the book is good-tempered, unselfish, appreciative of others—except possibly the enemy—and almost unnecessarily modest. It is easy to understand why General Eisenhower is popular with soldiers and civilians, critics and colleagues, alike. Here, quite obviously, is an admirable person.

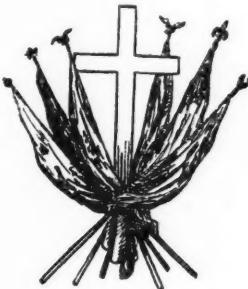
Yet, somehow, there is a "popular" note about the book. It cannot, for instance, compare with General Ludendorff's fairly parallel memoirs of 1919, which combined a critical sense with a masterful grasp of all that pertained to World War I. The very title, "Crusade," while probably not Eisenhower's choice, must none the less be considered unprofessional and unfortunate. Ludendorff would never have considered himself a crusader, but merely a general.

The *Leitmotif* of the Eisenhower book is really, perhaps, the contest with Churchill. General Eisenhower has often been called a "political" general, and a "President's" pet, but in the long and basic Ike-Winston dispute the American commander appears almost naively *non-political*. When Churchill wanted to get into Berlin and the Balkans first—to outwit the more dangerous enemy—Eisenhower appeared to forget that one does not fight for the sake of fighting but to gain concrete objectives; also, that one never knows who his partner will be for the next waltz, as the old saying goes.

It might be fairer to say that Eisenhower was a "diplomatic" general, for in the realm of tact and good manners he managed to get along with such assorted controversialists as Montgomery,

Patton (whom he "saved" at least three times), De Gaulle (who thoroughly disliked Roosevelt), and of course the Red Army crew. It has even been asserted that Eisenhower was a little too diplomatic in Red Army circles following the surrender. Unlike General Wallenstein, he does not seem to have looked fixedly into his crystal ball of the near future.

General Marshall emerges from the book as a man of great stature and fine character, and, in a sense, the Roosevelt-Marshall-Eisenhower trio remind one of the smoothly working Bismarck-Roon-Moltke triad of 1870. Although Eisenhower gallantly takes the load of responsibility for the near-catastrophic Bulge defeat of December, 1944, naturally he assumes the tack that it was a "calculated risk" and that, after all, all's well that ends well. Fighting Joe Hooker at Chancellorsville (May 2, 1863) may well have taken the same view; in fact, he did.



There was also the question—it *must* be raised—of discipline. In general, a sort of class struggle rages in all eras between troops and "occupied" civilians: what is good for one is bad for the other. Like Napoleon, and unlike Wellington, Eisenhower seems in general to have been "for" the troops, a "democratic" attitude which partly explains his great popularity, but may also help to account for a certain seamy side to the French and German chapters of American history.

Not a few tough-minded war critics may disagree with much that is expressed or implied in this memoir, but none can dislike an obviously kindly, tolerant man who met and dealt with overpowering problems, generally with success. Dale Carnegie would approve of this man, and these memoirs.

However, history may yet decide that Yalta—not Stalingrad, nor Alamein, nor Sepp Dietrich's bog-down in the Ardennes—was a decisive battle almost in the Creasy manner. If that be the case, which is questionable, then bells might well toll instead of peal, and "crusading" had better be relegated to the Balkanic Varna operation of 1444, a "Churchillian" maneuver of which Eisenhower would have disapproved.

ROGER SHAW

WE'RE ALL IN IT

By Eric Johnston. Dutton. 220p. \$2.75

At the moment president of the Motion Picture of Association of America, Eric Johnston has been at one time or another a soldier, a small businessman, a working journalist and president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. No matter how far you stretch the term, he is not a scholar. In an academic environment, his ideas on economics, political science, culture and civilization might be received with interest, perhaps, but scarcely with profound respect. Your savant would consider him superficial.

But Mr. Johnston is a very intelligent man who has been around. Few of his contemporaries, not even the fabulous foreign correspondents, have in recent years traveled more widely, or talked with more people, from cab drivers to prime ministers. And, what is very important, no American has seen so much of Soviet Russia, unsupervised, as he has. The result is that Mr. Johnston, making no pretense to scholarship and using only his "Main Street" mind, has written what may prove to be the best of all books on our postwar foreign policy.

There are, of course, more learned books in circulation—on foreign policy, on power politics, on Soviet Russia, on the "cold war." But nothing this reviewer has seen is so calculated as *We're All in It* to make the American people understand how they have been jet-propelled into world leadership and the need to rise to the challenge.

The book does more: it stirs up the idealism and enthusiasm without which the unprecedented adventure which destiny has forced on us will fail.

As befits a former journalist, the author states his thesis in clear, concrete terms. The first big task of world leadership today, he affirms, is to lead the world to peace; and here is what that involves:

We are the powerhouse which stands in the way of the sole remaining aggressive force loose on the globe—communist Russia—the only force likely to start another war.

Around our huge powerhouse of the West, the free world must rally—or go down.

The second big task of world leadership is a corollary of the first, since "wherever democracy is strong enough to nourish its people, both physically and spiritually, communism makes no headway." Therefore, for our own sake and for the sake of the free world, we must try to prevent another major depression.

All sorts of consequences follow from this thesis and they cannot be postponed. We must make a special effort

to understand Soviet strategy and to reach the Russian people with our message of freedom and democracy. We must remain strong militarily, economically and especially spiritually. We must export ideals as well as machines and fertilizers, for only then can we give hope to desperate people and quiet their fears of dollar imperialism. Toward this end we ought to make greater use of our labor leaders, since they are the only ones among us who have the confidence of the masses of workers abroad, who everywhere will decide the issue between communism and democracy. And anyhow, no one understands communist strategy better than they do or is better equipped to deal with it. A Philip Murray ambassador to France, a David Dubinsky ambassador to Italy? Why not?

But the businessman has his place in the picture, too. Much of the aid that the world needs can be given only by the Government, but there is a place for private capital also. Not private capital in the exploiting, absentee, nineteenth-century sense, but "partnership capitalism"—American capital and know-how joining hands with European, South American and Asiatic capital and skill to increase production and raise living standards everywhere.

There need not be war; there will not be war if we remain strong at home and do a good, American job abroad.

This is Eric Johnston's message to his fellow Americans. The fundamental emphasis is so correct, the expression so lucid and colorful and appealing, the intention so humble and sincere that I can only say buy the book and make your friends buy it, too. Only the Communists and unregenerate reactionaries will care to find fault with it.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

YOUNG MR. NEWMAN

By Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward. 477p. \$4.50

As Maisie Ward reminds us in her introduction, when her father, Wilfrid Ward, wrote his *Life of Newman*, he passed quickly over Newman's years in the Anglican Church. He was concerned essentially with the last half of Newman's life. True, Newman's *Apologia* helps us to recapture these years, but only in terms of his religious beliefs; and while Anne Mozley's *Letters and Correspondence* of Newman, in two fat volumes totaling a thousand pages, give us much more of the lights and shades of Newman's personality, they, too, selected as they were with Newman's assistance, represent in one sense a self-portrait. To make "that clever young gentleman of Oriel, Mr. Newman," as Dr. Routh called him, live again for us surrounded by his family, his friends and his opponents at Oxford is Maisie Ward's purpose. She has attempted, in short, to do for the first half of Newman's life what her father did for the second.

Young Mr. Newman is a much more ambitious study than the recently published *Journey Into Faith* by Eleanor Ruggles, which covers the same period in Newman's life. It is probably twice as long; and most important of all, Maisie Ward has access to hundreds of unpublished letters preserved at the Oratory, letters which, amazingly enough, no one except her father had asked to see since 1885.

Out of her research in the letters, and her wide reading in both primary and secondary sources. Maisie Ward has fashioned an undeniably full portrait. She begins by showing us the

child at Ealing School, homesick at first, who moves rapidly from the bottom to the top of the class, who records in his diary at the age of nine "1810, May 25—Got into Ovid and Greek." She ends with a description of the "Loss and Gain" that were Newman's as he left the Anglican Church to become a Roman Catholic. And as one reaches the final pages, one realizes how faithfully the author has labored to assemble, for the first time, portraits of Newman the young man, his parents, his brothers and sisters, his Oxford contemporaries, and to combine these with a critical evaluation of Newman's writings during the period.

With full consciousness of the tremendous work the book entailed, I still must say that it seems to lack unity and integration. Had the author attempted less, she might have achieved more. The book is, in a sense, not one but three. It might have been a selection of previously unpublished letters, chiefly between Newman and his family. Such a book would have been valuable to scholars already familiar with the other works on which this study is based. As it is, one cannot tell which of the letters are from manuscript, though it would have been a simple matter to indicate them with an asterisk if nothing more.

Maisie Ward declares, to be sure, that she is not writing for scholars. If not, then how can she assume, as she does in much of her book, familiarity on the part of the reader not only with Newman's writings, but with the work of such critics as Bremond, Abbott, Guitton, Dawson and her father, Wilfrid Ward?

Secondly, it might have been a fresh study of Newman's intellectual and spiritual development up to 1845, using new material where it modified previous interpretation, but concentrating on his thought rather than upon *milieu*, personalities or family life. Or, it might have been a study of the personality of "young Mr. Newman," in which considerable knowledge of Newman's writings on the part of the reader would be assumed, so that summaries and interpretations would be largely unnecessary.

To have focused upon any one of these aims would have given the book a unity that it now lacks. As it is, the three objectives are pursued alternately, in such a way as to make the book diffuse and disjointed.

The most interesting chapters are of two kinds: those in which definitely new material is used, such as Chapter XIV, "The Brothers," an intriguing study of the relations between John, Charles and Frank; or Chapter XXII, "Human Relationships" with its illuminating account of the relation between Newman and his mother; and those



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like Chapter XIX, "The World to Be Moved," in which Maisie Ward's wide knowledge of nineteenth-century social and political issues comes into play more fully than elsewhere.

What emerges, finally, from this valuable study is not a Newman different in any essentials from the one we already know; it is the young Mr. Newman seen more intimately, more fully, more warmly than ever before. No reservations about the strategy with which Maisie Ward has marshaled her complex materials need obscure her significant achievement. A. S. RYAN

AMERICAN ME

By Beatrice Griffith. Houghton Mifflin. 309p. \$3.50

In this combination of sociological appraisals and fictionalized documentary episodes, the author presents a vividly written and, it seems to this reader, an authentic account of the Mexican-American group in Southern California. Her work, the winner of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship for non-fiction in 1947, deals principally with the first generation of the considerable immigration to this country from Mexico, which began with World War I. She tells enough about the immigrants themselves to account, in some measure, for the unhappy lot of so many

among them, parents and children alike.

In June, 1943, national and international attention was drawn to these children by the zoot-suit riots. Los Angeles witnessed the principal violence, in which Mexican-American boys were savagely beaten by gangs of rioters, chiefly Navy enlisted men, while the police, callously or stupidly, watched or looked the other way. Hopelessly outnumbered, the victims rarely fought back with anything except their fists. It was almost miraculous that a lengthy death list did not result.

Miss Griffith gives an accurate history of this episode of violence, much of the responsibility for which must rest with certain Los Angeles and San Francisco newspapers—the Hearst press being again the worst offender. Neither here nor elsewhere in her book does Miss Griffith fail to point to the generally miserable treatment of this minority group by Los Angeles peace officers, both city and county; but such indictments are nearly always brushed off by responsible officialdom as the fabrications and provocations of Communists and their dupes.

American Me tells of the discrimination and hostility from which this group suffers, of its exploitation by economic interests, of the shameful part forced upon it by union-busting employers.

It might be thought that the bond of a common religion would lead Cath-

olics of other national ancestries to give people of this group better treatment than they give Negroes, with so few of whom they have that bond. But too frequently that is not the case. The bond of a common faith often seems to be not stout enough to restrain the same group condemnations, the same restrictive covenants and the same social outlawing. Could it be that here is another obstacle to the conversion of Negroes—in this part of the country at any rate? Do they see here the futility of embracing a faith which doctrinally abhors racism, but whose Anglo communicants often practise a similar cruelty, based on lines of origin, toward those who have been their co-religionists for centuries?

The book's chapter on the Church is, on the whole—it seems to this reader—a valid appraisal of the successes and failures of our clergy in their care of this group. The failures, to be accurate, are mostly the failures of the Anglo laity.

It is difficult for the author to understand that Catholics must be *dogmatically* intolerant, since truth is not a matter of democracy or good manners. This difficulty seems to cause her to regard the Church's attitude toward marriage of Catholics with non-Catholics, and the attitude of parents of Catholic children intending such marriages, as a kind of intolerance akin to

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racism. In this, of course, she is mistaken. But it is an innocent mistake.

There is an interesting glossary of the anglicized Spanish-Mexican patois which many of the book's figures speak.

DANIEL G. MARSHALL

DANTE THEOLOGIAN: The Divine Comedy

By The Rev. Patrick Cummins, O. S. B.
Herder. 604p. \$6

Dante Theologian takes its title from an essay in which the author shows a possible parallelism between the first Question of the *Summa*, the *Divine Comedy* and Raphael's *Disputa*. The book is divided into two parts: first, a complete translation of the *Divine Comedy*; second, a commentary.

It has been said that *Dante* loses more in translation than any other major poet, and surely this is true of English translations. There is the difficulty of the *terza rima*, which has been used successfully but a few times in English poetry and then only by the most skillful metrists; there is the difficulty of the eleven-syllable verse, the difficulty of bringing out the savor of the highly idiomatic vocabulary of a vernacular which in the *Divine Comedy* was being used for the first time in the composition of a poem in the "true grand style." Perhaps the very difficulties have been the challenge to the numerous translators. In *Dante Theologian*, Father Cummins has attempted a formidable work in translating the poem in *terza rima*. Nor is that all; he has sought to reproduce the movement of *Dante's* line by avoiding the ending of a sentence within a verse, and by using for the most part the eleven-syllable verse.

The author in his Preface bravely recounts the dangers. We must agree with him that the constant use of rhyming licenses, overworked participles, archaisms and neologisms (formations by analogy) has resulted in a version that is not notable for its purity of style. Opening the book at random to page 166, for example, we find that, of the forty verses on this page, thirty-four end in participles and that we have these rhymes for the other verses: meetness, neatness, sweetness; curtain, uncertain, certain. The same exigency of plan has compelled the author to fill out the lines with images and ideas which are not in the original.

The translator writes: "I have not tried to write an English poem, but an English echo of *Dante's* poem." This echo, as has been said, consists of the *terza rima*, the unbroken line and the endecasyllabic verse. "Language is national, but music and architecture are international, are catholic. I need not understand Beethoven's language to appreciate his symphonies; nor Michelangelo's to admire his mighty dome." Upon this esthetic theory the translator bases his belief in the sufficiency of the echo. But is the echo of the rhythm and the symmetry—even were they most faithfully reproduced—really the echo of a poem?

The commentary is arranged in double columns for the convenience of the reader. The first column gives the argument of the poem; the second is a spiritual commentary, giving at times the symbolic meaning, at other times the mystical sense, at still other times a theological interpretation, and again an exhortation. The commentary is written in the first person, as though *Dante* were explaining his own meaning, a device that lends freshness and liveliness to the exposition.

The reader will find many interesting interpretations and applications in the commentary. It is, however, to be regretted that no references are given for the text of the commentary. All students who have learned to love the poetry of the great Florentine will surely welcome this very Catholic presentation of the *Divine Comedy*, to which the author must have given many years of devoted labor.

WILLIAM J. MURPHY

THE RAPE OF POLAND

By Stanislaw Mikolajczyk. Whittlesey House. 309p. \$4.

Toward the end of this volume its author, former Premier of the wartime Polish Government-in-Exile, asks the question: "Can countries subjugated by Communists liberate themselves without outside help?" His answer, "no," is of the deepest importance to all men of good will who think it may be possible to cooperate with communist and neo-communist elements in government and still preserve their own integrity and freedom of action. Mr. Mikolajczyk, for almost two and a half years after the liberation of Poland, did his utmost to cooperate with the communist partisans established in authority in Poland by the will of Stalin and the Soviet Union—and failed.

The content of Mr. Mikolajczyk's book is a constant reiteration of the futility of any attempt by normal democratic and liberal elements to work with Communists in the conduct of the daily affairs of a national government. The record in Poland, as he expounds it, shows that not one communist promise was ever kept, not one communist signature ever honored. It was the Russian radio which issued to the people of Warsaw the call to rise against the Germans, and which promised them the support of the Red Army. The people of Warsaw, in their patriotism and love of liberty, did rise—and for sixty-three days the Red Army sat across the Vistula and watched them die.

When Hitler turned against the Russians, his partners in the fourth partition of Poland, Stalin was quick to sign a convention with the Polish emigre government in London by which he repudiated all territorial changes made under the Nazi-Soviet pact of August, 1939. Yet when Poland expressed a natural desire to investigate the deaths of thousands of her officers—who had been taken prisoner in 1939 by the Russians and who, according to the Germans, had been murdered by their captors—Stalin seized the opportunity to break diplomatic relations with the London Poles.

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The books are:

(Continued in right-hand column)

and to recognize as the provisional government of Poland the Moscow-dominated Polish Committee of Liberation. This group (alternatively known as the Lublin Committee) consisted of a few dubious Poles of communist antecedents who had long lived in Russia, where, for the most part, they functioned as Comintern agents.

Mr. Mikolajczyk shows that only as a result of American and British diplomatic intervention was he, who represented the dominant Polish political party, invited to participate in the provisional Polish government. Perhaps in that way the American and British foreign offices were offering compensation for Teheran, where President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill had agreed to grant practically all Stalin's demands against Poland—without consulting their allies, the London Poles. This was surely one of the rarities of history—that in a time of war one ally could claim almost fifty per cent of the territory of another and have that claim supported by two other members of the coalition.

Despite the fact that Mr. Mikolajczyk and other democrats and liberals proved their good faith by eventually swallowing the crippling affront to their unhappy country, they were hampered in their efforts to restore a normal political balance in Poland. Their followers were coerced, even tortured and assassinated; their press was blue-penciled; the promised fair elections were rigged; the holders of their parliamentary mandates were kidnaped, beaten, tried and convicted on false charges—and executed.

For years Mr. Mikolajczyk did his best. When the Communists prevented his voice from being heard in Poland, he attempted to bring the plight of his people to the attention of the American and British authorities; but diplomatic notes of protest were not nearly as effective as the knout and the secret police. Reluctantly, Poland's wartime Premier made his escape to the west, just a short time ahead of his planned trial and probable execution on trumped-up charges. By good fortune he avoided the fate of Petrov and Maniu and many other sincere Eastern European democrats who found, to their cost, that cooperation with communism and its bullies is not possible.

It is not possible, he feels, for a nation which has succumbed to the communist plague to cleanse itself from within. It is impossible to win elections against Communists when they control the election machinery; it is impossible to use force against them when they control the military and the police; it is impossible to use the courts against them when the courts belong to them.

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To end up with an apology: in our last ad here (for children's books) the prices were left off two of them: **THE REDCROSSE KNIGHT**, by Sister Mary Charitina, illustrated in color by Jeanyee Wong, is \$0.75, and **CAT ROYAL** by Charles Brady, illustrated in color by Rosemarie Renkis, is \$2.00.

Did you get your **Christmas Trumpet**, with its lovely pictures of the two John Carmel Heenans on the front page? If you want it, just ask Department A.

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The Word

THANK GOD THAT MEN GROW whiskers. The great conversations with children take place while father is shaving. The operation fascinates youngsters, and holds Dad captive to their prattle.

John the Baptist, says the eleventh chapter of Matthew, was in prison; and he sent two of his followers to Christ that they might receive the gift of faith through seeing the lame walk, the blind see, the lepers cleansed, the dead raised to life.

"What," asked Joe, "was he doing in jail?"

I plied the razor carefully across an angular jaw. "King Herod put him there," I said.

"King Herod!"

In the mirror I could see the children, their eyes rounded with that mixture of wonder, pity and horror felt by innocence in the presence of evil.

"King Herod," said Betty, "tried to kill Baby Jesus."

I thought of the approaching holidays. I thought of how from pole to pole the earth would shimmer with colored lights, and be sweet with song. I thought of stockings hung by the fireside; of popcorn balls, candy canes, sweetmeats; of Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, the Three Wise Men; of Yule logs, carolers, midnight Mass; of mistletoe, laughing children, smiling adults. For an instant I seemed to hear some one singing *Silent Night, Holy Night*. The world was transfigured with a strange happiness. The statesmen had gone home from the United Nations Assembly, and even over Berlin there brooded a spirit of peace.

"Yes," I said. "King Herod. He tried to murder Christmas."

The children were silent for what seemed a long time. Then Joe's voice was heard: "Why did King Herod put John the Baptist in jail?"

"Because he told the King that he had no right to steal another man's wife."

How long ago, I thought, and how far away! Yet all around us, men are taking other men's wives. Men rich like Herod, powerful like Herod, fashionable like Herod. "It is not lawful," said John the Baptist, fixing the adulterous monarch with his eyes of honesty and courage. Now we are told that it is lawful. The legislatures say so; the Governors say so; the judges in all their majesty say so.

Still, "It is not lawful," said John the Baptist; and entered his dungeon to await death. All the powers of the government were against him; the Imperial Eagles of Rome supported Herod; there was no one on John's

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side except God, who walked in manhood nearby, awaiting His own execution for speaking truth.

"Art thou a King?" inquired Pilate.

"Thou sayest it," replied Jesus. "For this was I born, for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth. Everyone that is of the truth hears my voice."

I finished shaving, and began to rinse my face. "Daddy," said Betty, "do they still put people in jail for telling the truth?"

I groped for a towel, dried my eyes, faced her. "Yes," I said. "In Russia. In Yugoslavia. In Hungary."

"Do they here?" asked Joe.

I shook my head. "No. They just don't hear you." JOSEPH A. BREIG

conspirator who betrayed the abortive revolt. Other black-print members of the cast are Mildred Smith, Blaine Cordner, Frank Wilson and Leigh Whipper. Miss Smith is adequate as a woman loved by the leader of the revolt and its betrayer; Mr. Wilson is a dignified plantation clergyman; and Mr. Whipper is an authentic transplanted Congo witch-man. Blaine Cordner is excellent as a humane but morally blind pre-Civil War Dixiecrat.

Mr. Hernandez, as Denmark Vesey, invests the character with sufficient passion, eloquence and dignity. Canada Lee, the slave torn between desire for freedom and loyalty to his master, is

less than equal to his role. The part calls for a thoughtful and hesitant man. Mr. Lee's natural style is too explosive to suggest a character making a hairline decision on conflicting loyalties.

It might be mentioned for the record that Mr. Lee was the Guild's second choice for the role, after the production was in rehearsal. Miss Heyward's writing, less skillful than its subject rates, is outside the Guild's control. Neither the Guild nor the author has any reason to blush for the defects of the production. Miss Heyward has written a play that dramatizes a significant phase of American history.

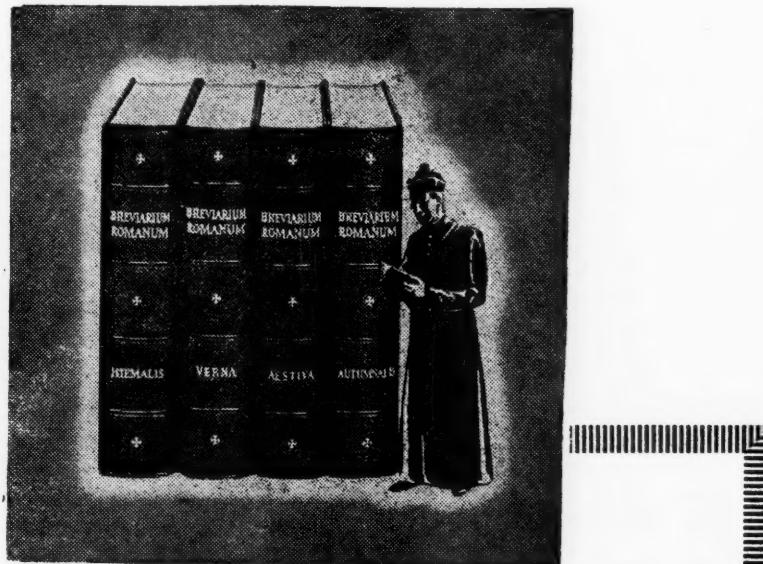
THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Theatre

SET MY PEOPLE FREE. It is too generally believed that the Negro slaves in America were docile in bondage, and that their only effort to win their freedom consisted of singing spirituals while waiting for Abraham Lincoln to emancipate them. Another widely accepted myth is the belief that all slaves, except a few pampered house servants, lived in unmitigated spiritual and corporeal degradation. The first belief is wholly fable; the second is partly so.

Revolt was often incipient, and sometimes open—both in passage (for instance, the Amistead Mutiny) and after being auctioned off to the plantations; in fact, the slaves were always so resolute that the owners lived in a constant state of jitters. The planters, not without reason, were so afraid of slave uprisings that their legislatures enacted numerous restrictions, curfews and harsh penalties to discourage and punish insurrection. When the Episcopal and Wesleyan sects first attempted to instruct the slaves in the rudiments of the Christian faith, the planters, who were themselves Christian men—or thought they were—furiously resisted the churchmen, instinctively fearing that religion would spur the blacks to question the justice of their servitude.

Dorothy Heyward's play, presented at the Hudson by the Theatre Guild, with Juan Hernandez in the leading role, is the story of one of several slave revolts that gave the planters many sleepless nights—the Denmark Vesey conspiracy, which failed because one of the conspirators wanted to save his humane master from personal harm. Directed by Martin Ritt, with sets by Ralph Alswang and costumes by Ernest Schraps, the production is typical of Theatre Guild efficiency in mounting a play. Canada Lee is featured as the



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get from those things for which they do so briefly suffer at this time of year. This is where you come out on top. You and the Catholic Children's Book Club and Christmas.



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Films

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR. If you generally find yourself disarmed by the sensuous enjoyment inherent in color films, you have your choice this week of three works from standard repertory, all of which make considerable demands on an audience's reservoir of good will.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME is the latest of Twentieth Century-Fox's backstage musicals. In it Dan Dailey and Betty Grable, a veritable Darby and Joan in *Mother Wore Tights*, are cast as Skid and Bonnie Johnson, a pair of burlesque hoofers in the roaring 'twenties, whose marriage is not so idyllic. Skid, in the time-honored tradition of show-business stories, has a weakness for whiskey, dice and extra-curricular blondes. Bonnie, after the equally traditional period of keeping a stiff upper lip, decides to chuck it all for a wealthy cattle man (Richard Arlen), who has been waiting around with bovine patience for just such a development, and even has a mother so broad-minded that she throws open her Nevada ranch to facilitate the exchange of husbands. Before it is too late, of course, an equally naive chain of improbabilities serves to get the original couple back together again. The on-stage interludes have a somewhat too nifty and expensive look to be properly nostalgic, but the production in general has a refreshing unpretentiousness. James Gleason, June Havoc and Jack Oakie, as the couple's theatrical colleagues, leave unresolved the question of which is bigger, a trouper's heart or his supply of corny jokes. The question of how much tainted hokum is bearable is up to the audience.

THE KISSING BANDIT has the enormous initial advantage of being intended to be silly. MGM has marshaled all its opulent resources to dress up a comic-opera plot about bandits, noblemen and beautiful ladies in the days when California was a Spanish colony. The producers have even thought up what must have seemed an eminently suitable and amusing way of casting Frank Sinatra—he plays a timid Bostonian with an inherited right to lead the highwaymen, but a signal inability to learn the ways of musical-comedy outlaws. However, the gaunt vocalist is the last man on earth who could be accused of having his tongue (or anything else for that matter) in his cheek. The combination of his inappropriately dead-pan performance with a script that does not live up to its original promise makes the unmusical portions

of the film pretty trying for an *adult* audience. Kathryn Grayson, as the aristocratic, singing heroine, and what seemed like hundreds of spirited Spanish dancers, contribute the best parts of the show.

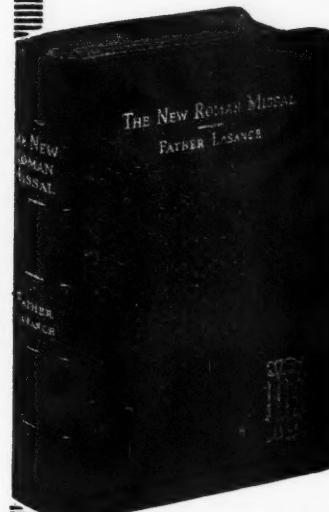
BLANCHE FURY follows a formula for romantic costume melodramas which is very popular in the British Isles, though American audiences are likely to find it merely a curiosity and something of a bore. The plot turns on the rich, strange and somewhat incredible motives of a family of early Victorian landed gentry, and includes such compulsory items as stately balls, malevolent gypsies, ancestral estate complete with family curse, and an extremely high mortality rate among the principal characters. The two owners were murdered; a Jane-Eyre-like poor relation (Valerie Hobson), who had married for security, died bearing a child which was not her husband's; and an illegitimate would-be heir (Stewart Granger), who was responsible for most of the trouble, walked with equanimity to the gallows, having achieved fulfilment of the ancestral prophecy. In a trashy sort of way the film has a certain integrity of mood and characterization, but its claim to be in the tradition of the Brontë sisters is predicated on liking the latter for the wrong reasons. (*Eagle-Lion*)

MOIRA WALSH

Parade

LIKE TWO VEINS OF COLOR—one dark, one bright—hope deferred and hope realized were threaded through the week, as the news mirrored the fruitless quests for missing dear ones, side by side with the quests that were not fruitless. The dark strands were indeed dark! . . . For ten hours a day, every day, a father stands under the clock at King's Cross station in London, looking for his son who is listed in the Royal Air Force records as "presumed dead." Last spring the father, a Canadian, visited London and thought he saw his boy. He explained: "Not even thinking of my son, I stood

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Correspondence

beneath the clock for a few minutes. Suddenly I saw him. He stared at me, looked away, and went into the ticket office. I waited. When he returned, he looked hard at me again. Then I was sure. I ran after him, but lost him in the crowd. I had to return to Canada, but came back to London in the late summer. I will stand here every day. I feel sure that if I wait long enough, I shall see my boy again." . . . There were other heart-breaking quests. From Brooklyn a father and mother are searching for their son, reported missing in action four years ago. They write thousands of letters, tour the hospitals, attend veteran conventions, each wearing a sandwich sign bearing the likeness of their boy. "Missing in action," they explain, "means to us that our boy is still alive. We will never stop believing that or stop looking for him." . . . Near the hearts that are breaking are the hearts that pulse with joy. In 1912 three New York tots—two brothers and a sister—became orphans. Adopted by three different families, they completely lost track of one another. Last week the merest chance brought their thirty-six-year separation to an end. . . . Utter strangers revived close relationships. In a New York bus station a twenty-three-year-old rookie policeman waited for the bus that was carrying to him the father he had never seen. The father was married in Alaska in 1925; his wife returned to the States shortly before the birth of the future rookie policeman, then refused to return to Alaska and divorced the father. For twenty long years the man persistently pressed the hunt for his boy, and finally met with success. After the bus from the West unloaded its passengers, father and son looked at each other for the first time. With tears welling in his eyes, the father told reporters: "I'm very proud of him. I never thought I'd find such a husky son. He should make a good policeman."

The newspapers rarely report reunions of lost dear ones—for a very good reason: there are relatively few reunions of this type on earth. If the papers could publish stories of the reunions that are occurring endlessly in heaven, they would have little or no space for other news. In heaven, happy reunions of fathers and mothers with their children; of brothers and sisters; of other dear ones, take place all the time, in numbers that defy calculation; and the heavenly reunion is indescribably more joyful than its earthly counterpart, because those being reunited know there never more will be a separation. It may be that earthly reunions give one a faint notion of the intense bliss of the heavenly meetings. The resemblance is very, very faint. JOHN A. TOOMEY

Touché, comme on dit

EDITOR: As our President would say, I address you only on behalf of a better AMERICA!

And on behalf of the common man whom we now know to be in a majority, let me protest, in AMERICA for Nov. 6:

1. "It's all taken care of by Gristede and Horn and Hardart" (p. 113). These are New York restaurants but elsewhere, thank heaven, they are not household names.

2. What did the boys *desiderate* most? (p. 116). There is a streetcar named desire, and also a perfectly good verb!

3. "Circulus vitiosus" (p. 126). The classicists who like to leave "simple Latin phrases" untranslated do not realize how many other people leave them untranslated.

To pass from phrases to fine articles, you are really helping to wake up Americans with articles like Father LaFarge's on the erosion of rural living and William E. McDonough's on the elusiveness of corporations.

Winthrop, Mass. JOSEPH T. NOLAN

For apostles of social action

EDITOR: The letter of Mr. John C. Carey (AM. 11/20) asks the question: "Have the Catholic schools been fulfilling their mission in teaching their students the social doctrines of the Church?" I must agree with Sister Mary Liguori, BVM, in her letter (AM. 10/9) when she says "Yes."

As a father of four children at or from Catholic schools and colleges—at one of which I was tolerated myself—I am emphatically sure of it.

The emphasis supplied by Mr. Carey in the statement of Pope Pius XII should have been further placed as follows: "The greatest danger is the ignorance of the working people [of the social doctrines of the Church] who need the truth and who *need apostles of this truth*."

The apostles of the truth today are the religious and the interested laity who are assisting in disseminating such doctrine, and their ranks could be greatly added to by other Catholic laity who are in executive positions in management and labor, and whose influence—because of their positions—would command attention. Unfortunately, some of these executives are not interested, and some who have been successful materially because they sold a better mousetrap or rose to power in a labor union, believe that because of

this material success they can write their own theology or interpret infallibly the teaching of the Church.

These criticize without knowledge. They make statements so contrary to fact that the working people who have been unable to attend Catholic instruction are confused. They think *Quadragesimo Anno* is a classification in botanical nomenclature; their so-called success convinces them that the social contacts for their children at non-sectarian schools and colleges are more important than the safeguarding of their faith.

When these Catholics realize their obligations to Holy Mother Church, they can become apostles to assist those now laboring in the field of education.

The schools and the religious are doing their job—some of our Catholic laity are not doing theirs, and are retarding the work of others in this field.

HENRY T. BYRNE

Larchmont, N. Y.

Vocations still needed

EDITOR: Both the secular and Catholic press have given wide publicity to the notable increase in vocations among men during the postwar years. May God be praised for the graces which were channeled into hearts furrowed deep by the disillusionment of war! Seldom, however, is attention directed to the increased number of vocations to another section of Christ's vineyard. It was gratifying to read, in your November 13 issue, Francis X. Curran's statistics regarding vocations to the sisterhoods.

The spirit of America's women was magnificently demonstrated during the war. With the same magnanimity and heroism the girls of America have enlisted in the Cause of Christ.

It must still be admitted, however, that pastors and Mothers Superior find the supply unequal to the demand for religious teachers in our parochial schools. This does not mean that there is a lack of vocations, but that the parishes are growing. Many recruits are needed. There is so much to be done, and the King rewards so generously those in His service!

Christ recognized, in His own day, the need for more vocations and prescribed: "Pray—that the Lord send more laborers into His vineyard!" Let us praise Him for the vocations He has given, and pray for more.

SISTER EMILY JOSEPH, C.S.J.
Albany, N. Y.

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